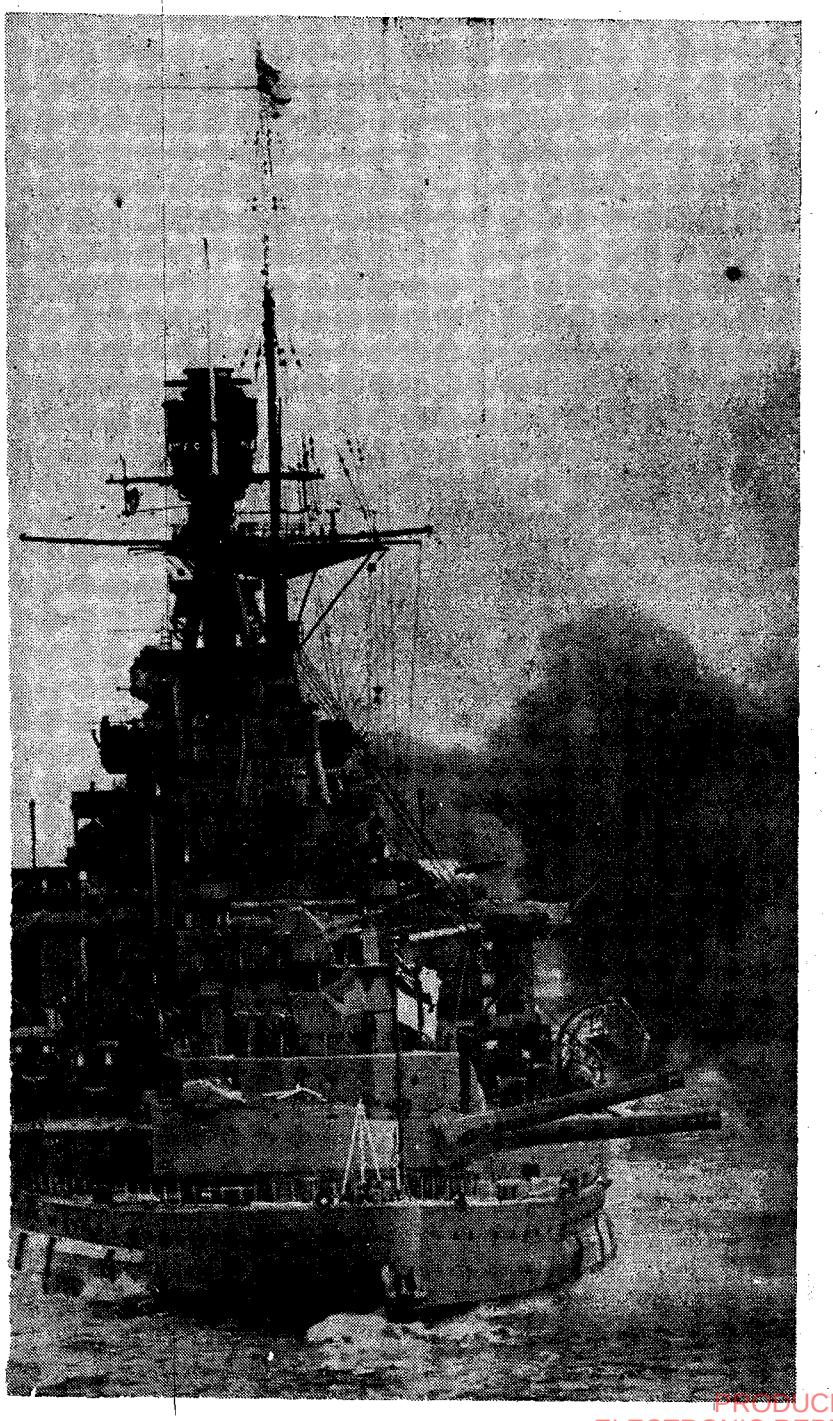
Coral Sea: First Round

An analysis of the fronts by Colonel T.

NEW MASSES

MAY 19, 1942 15c IN CANADA 20c



SHOULD WAGES BE FROZEN?

By A. B. Magil

POLL-TAXER SMITH OF VIRGINIA

By Bruce Minton

THE FISHERMEN

Preview of a new novel by Vladimir Pozner

TANK CHARGE ACROSS THE ICE

A Kuibyshev cable by I. Polyakov

In this Issue: *Claude Cockburn, Lion Feuchtwanger, Marcel Scherer, Samuel Sillen, Anna Rochester, Joy Davidman, William Gropper*

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Between Ourselves

THE date May 20 is heavily circled on our calendar, with no further notation necessary. We won't forget what that date means: it's Earl Browder's birthday and we hope to see as many of you as possible at Madison Square Garden that night for the big rally sponsored by the Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder.

We are proud of the fact that

Browder is numbered among this magazine's most distinguished contributors; but that, of course, is only one, relatively small part of our deep eagerness to participate in a meeting which is directed toward his freedom. Nor need we recite the other reasons here. If you do not know them all, come and hear them next Wednesday night from people who can tell you more eloquently than we. If you do know them, then all the more will you wish to rally around the cause of Earl Browder's freedom.

And remember—May 17-23 is Free Browder Week. There will be local rallies outside the New York area; there will be broadcasts, union meetings, resolutions, telegraph petitions to President Roosevelt. Wherever you are, you can take some part in the campaign. We urge that you do your utmost.

IS a Western Front possible? Is it necessary? Answering these questions will be the primary purpose of next week's NM—i.e. if we manage to pay the second installment of $2,527 on our printer's bill. We will publish the opinions of military experts like Maj. George Fielding Eliot, Maj. Gen. Stephen Fuqua, and others. Editors of NM have interviewed these men, and will report their replies to questions which people in general want answered. There will also be a report on the British public sentiment for a second front. Heinrich Mann, the great German exiled writer, and Gen. Ignacio Hidalgo de Cisneros, former commander of the Spanish republic's air force, will write about the subject of a second front from the viewpoint of their peoples. And the historical parallels for such a front will be discussed by Colonel T. In addition we can promise an abundance of visual material in the way of maps, photographs, charts, etc., which will make this coming issue highly valuable as a reference source.

IN THE WAY of future articles—barring financial crises—there is in particular the forthcoming series on Congress by our Washington correspondent, Bruce Minton. At least six topics will be covered, all of which deserve your earnest attention for some months before the November election. Minton will, for example, discuss that sometimes hazy subject of "blocs." Just what is the farm bloc, whom does it really represent, how does it function? And the southern bloc, the Tammany group, the midwest bloc? Other topics, very briefly, include congressional "unity"; the appeasers and defeatists in Congress; leadership in House and Senate; what Mr. and Mrs. Citizen can do to determine congressional activities. And so on.

Now in type and scheduled for an early issue is a profile of Capt. Joseph Patterson of the New York *Daily News,* with an analysis of the paper's defeatism. The article is by Barbara Giles, who did a similar job recently on Patterson's cousin, Col. Robert R. McCormick, and his Chicago *Tribune.*

The picture of the tank and soldier on page 14 of this issue is from the new Soviet film *Red Tanks* which will be released late this month by Artkino Pictures. It will have its American premiere at the Stanley Theater in New York.

IF YOU ARE an out-of-town reader who lives in one of the cities mentioned below, you will have a chance to learn something about NM's plans and financial problems firsthand in the near future. For Carl Bristel, our business manager, has set out on a "good will tour" with the express purpose of apprising NM friends of the magazine's needs and discussing ways of meeting them. Bristel's itinerary is as follows: Chicago (Atlantic Hotel), May 15-19 (inclusive); St. Louis, May 20-21; Cincinnati (Metropole Hotel), May 22-24; Toledo, May 25-26; Detroit, May 27-30; Cleveland (Cleveland Hotel), May 31-June 2; Pittsburgh, June 3-4.

For the past two years NM has held a "weekend" at some pleasant country resort each spring and fall. The fifth in the series takes place May 22-24 inclusive, at Plum Point about fifty-five miles from New York, on the heights above the Hudson. The program, besides the usual sports, includes a Saturday night theater program, a Sunday morning forum conducted by NM foreign editor Joseph Starobin, and a Sunday afternoon music recital. Further details will be found on page 25.

Who's Who

I. POLYAKOV is a Soviet war correspondent. His dispatches have appeared in several American publications. . . . Antoni Gronowicz is a writer on Polish affairs. . . . Anna Rochester's most recent book is *Why Farmers Are Poor.*

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XLIII, NO. 7

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May 19, 1942

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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FIVE MORE DAYS...

Dear Reader:

On press day Tuesday it seemed as if this would be the last issue of NEW MASSES. And it will be unless you decide differently. Last week we published a letter from our printer, Isaac Goldmann Co., giving us ten days to pay $5,000 on account. Otherwise, "We shall be forced to discontinue the production of your magazine."

The ten days are up May 14, the day this magazine appears for sale. Up to press time (May 12) we were able to pay the printer only $2,473, with no prospect of raising the rest of the money within the next two days.

On our pleas that a few more days would give time to many thousands of readers and friends to make good the pledge we made in their name, the Isaac Goldmann Co. has agreed to extend the deadline to Tuesday, May 19. That is final. We feel that the Goldmann Co. has been very decent to us and appreciate this extension of time.

Can we raise the $2,527 needed by Tuesday to enable the next issue to go to press? We must! On the back cover is an announcement of what next week's NEW MASSES is to be: a special WESTERN FRONT ISSUE. Need we tell you what it would mean for this issue—*this* issue—not to be printed?

We have plans, big plans for the future. But right now we need a financial blood transfusion, and you alone can give it. Life or death for NEW MASSES—which shall it be?

The Editors.

(Please fill out the coupon on page 30. If you live outside New York, use telegraph or airmail.)

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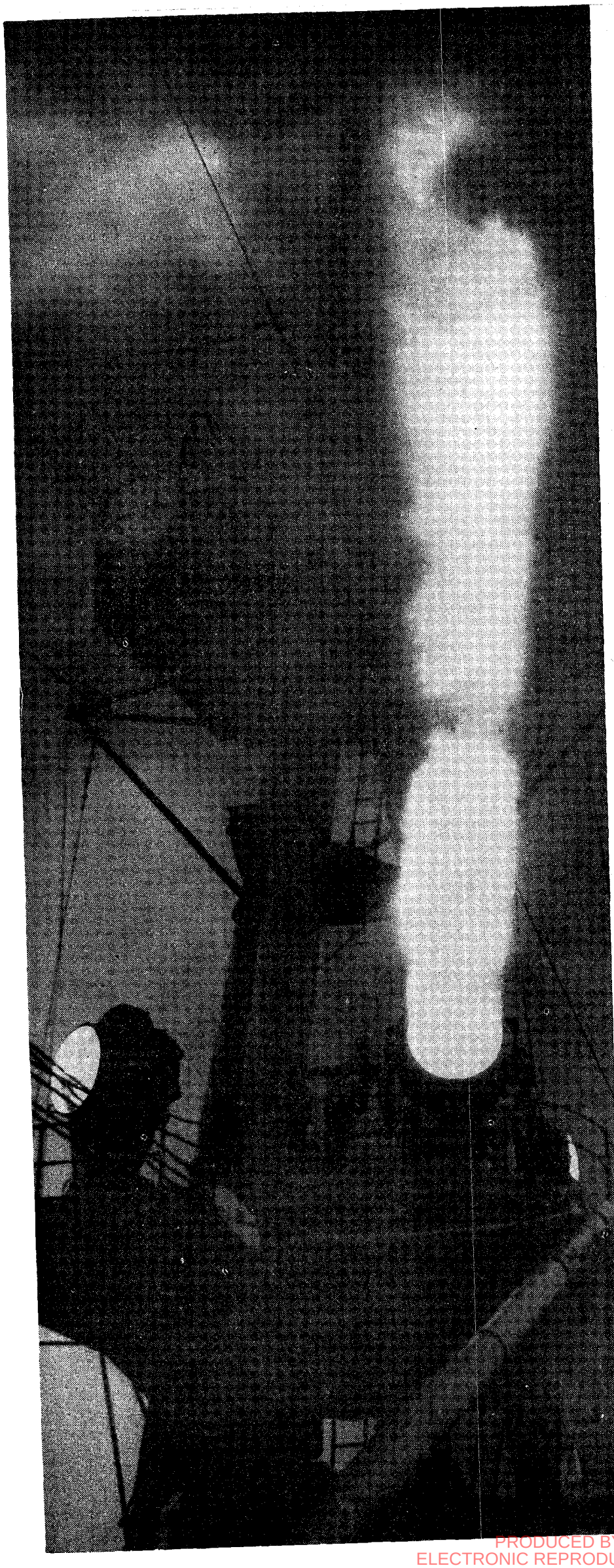

FROM LENINGRAD TO THE CORAL SEA

Colonel T. tallies the score of last week's great battles. A sea encounter "to be continued."

ACTION flared up during the past week at points on a wide arc from North Cape to the Great Barrier Reef. These points are some 2,000-4,000-6,000 miles apart. The whole active arc of this global war is more than 15,000 miles long. At all points where the guns blazed with especial ferocity, the Axis was at a disadvantage.

THE BATTLE OF THE CORAL SEA: The air and sea battle which was fought all last week on the northeastern approaches to Australia was strategically defensive (protection of Australia and its sea route to the United States), and tactically offensive (go out and get the Japanese fleet). Too little is known about it to permit judgment of its results. This, however, seems clear: the Japanese force, which apparently consisted of troop transports and aircraft carriers protected by heavy cruisers and destroyers, was beaten off. Whether the Mikado's ships were moving toward the islands sitting athwart the route from Sydney to the United States (Fiji, New Caledonia, etc.), or toward Australia itself, they were kicked off their course with losses which may not be crippling, but which exceed those of the defenders.

The battle was hard fought and seems to have turned in favor of the Allies only in its last phase, for during the first phases the "field" of battle was ever nearing Australia-Solomon Islands-Louisiade Islands-Coral Sea. It is probable that the Japanese armada, having a landing operation for its objective, consisted of a goodly number of troop transports. These latter seem to have suffered comparatively little damage from Allied action. The United States and Australian naval

Battleship searching the skies for enemy planes

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and air forces seem to have concentrated their fire on the escorting warships.

It is more than probable that the Japanese will try again with greater forces. The Battle of the Coral Sea looks like an Allied victory, but contrary to the headlines it is not yet a decisive one. It seems to be a happy sequel to the battles of Macassar Strait and the Sea of Java, but it bears the legend: "To Be Continued." There seems little doubt now that the big battle-wagons of both sides did not take part in the battle, which means that fundamentally the naval balance of power in the southwest Pacific (whatever it may be) was not radically affected by its outcome.

THE EASTERN FRONT: As this is written, the Nazis are reported to have launched an attack in the Kerch Peninsula in the Crimea. It is quite possible that this marks the beginning of the much-heralded spring offensive. However, further developments must be awaited.

The attack in the Kerch Peninsula breaks the lull that prevailed there since last December when the Red Army seized the initiative, crossed the narrow Straits of Kerch that connect the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, and drove the Germans out of the town of Kerch. Prior to this latest action in the Kerch Peninsula, the phrase, "Nothing of importance occurred at the front," had appeared in Soviet communiques for sixty consecutive days, except two. This phrase really means that no important geographical points have changed hands. Offensive and defensive battles waged by the Red Army occur daily along the entire huge front. But this is considered routine. "Nothing of importance."

There is, however, something of importance to which the Soviet papers accorded but a couple of editorial lines (Soviet papers, by the way, know how to pack an awful lot of "dynamite" into a single line). For instance, *Pravda* said that a period of "close battle cooperation" between the guerrillas and the regular Red Army troops had been ushered in. This is worth noting. It means that from now on the guerrillas, not content any more to act against the lines of communications, headquarters, and rear garrisons of the Germans, would attack the rear of the German field forces at the front, simultaneously with the action of the Red Army regulars. Such action would hardly be undertaken by the guerrillas if a resumption of the advance of the Red Army were not anticipated in the near future.

This type of "sandwich" action has already brought good results on the Leningrad front, where important German positions have been carried. It must be noted, however, that the position of the city, its "Road to Life" of the Ladoga ice having melted away, is still very serious. A story by a Soviet frontline correspondent tells us that one can see the German positions from the upper stories of the taller buildings of Leningrad. Since there are no skyscrapers there, it may be assumed that the Germans in the southwestern sector of the siege lines are not further away than fifteen miles. This is borne out by the fact that Leningrad is still being shelled by German heavy artillery whose range on the whole does not exceed twenty-two miles and which is certainly not placed in the front lines.

People who have lived in Leningrad tell us that in the days before the revolution the great parade of the Guards was usually held in the first days of May (according to the old calendar—this is May 1) and that the occasion was usually marked by heat and clouds of dust rolling over the Field of Mars from under the hoofs of the galloping cavalry. The great public garden which adjoins the parade grounds was bright green, and against this background the grandstand with its hundreds of colored umbrellas looked like a huge stippled flowerbed.

All this poetry means that the ground around Leningrad is probably grassy and dry and that great battles can be expected here. But, of course, developments in the south may also greatly alter the situation around Leningrad.

THE WESTERN SKY-FRONT: There is no doubt that the British aerial offensive is doing a service to the Red Army. But the results are of a long range character: they mainly will affect production and morale in Germany. This may begin to tell only at the end of the summer campaign, which is too late if we want to make this the *last* campaign. While the British have suffered pretty heavy losses *in spots,* the opposition offered by the Luftwaffe seems to have been rather weak, which means that only a small part of it is operating outside the Eastern Front.

IN THE INDIAN OCEAN: The Allies by their quick and energetic action have plunked down a sort of huge aircraft carrier right on their sea lanes to India, Australia, and the Middle East. We mean Madagascar, which is, of course, nothing but that. The seizure of this outpost is not only important in itself: it is important because it marks the birth of an Allied spirit of the offensive. It has not only secured the route from the assembly lines of Detroit to the ports of Basra and Karachi; it has also shown that the United Nations at last meant business as far as Vichy and the other hangers-on of Berlin are concerned.

THE BURMA FRONT: The comeback of the Chinese forces around Mandalay came in the nature of a surprise. We are still inclined to be cautious. There is no doubt that the Japanese will move heaven and earth to recover their main line of communications in Burma, if they have lost it as dispatches of May 10 seemed to imply.

It has been our impression from the start that the Japanese stab into Yunnan was nothing but a diversion and, therefore, the fact that they have been stopped there is not of decisive importance. It still looks to us that the Japanese would develop their main thrust northwestward from Myintyina (which they seem to have captured) with the object of reaching the last Chinaward railhead at the cluster of terminal points Sadiya-Dibrugarh-Namdan. On the left, the Japanese will probably attempt an amphibian operation against Chittagong and the mouths of the Ganges. In short, the Japanese must try to reach the Brahmaputra and abut their lines against the western Himalayas. This alone will achieve and secure the encirclement of China. These plans could, of course, be radically upset by the Chinese in the Mandalay area, *if* they are strong enough.

COLONEL T.

Vicky in the London *News Chronicle*

"CATCHING THE BUS"—*as one Londoner sees it*

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Should Wages Be Frozen?

A. B. Magil continues the discussion of the President's seven-point program. The lesson of Britain.

Converting the pay envelope

AFTER a good meal Fred Harper liked to sit down in the big armchair and read the *Evening Sentinel*. He particularly relished the editorials, which were always so sound and straight-from-the-shoulder. The next day, after the ideas had sunk in, the boys at the office could rely on his judgment regarding all public matters even if he was only a $32.50-a-week bookkeeper. Fred vibrated down to his toes as he read these words in the *Sentinel's* leading editorial: "The President's seven-point economic program will work provided our officials in Washington have the courage to stabilize wages in the same way that prices are being stabilized —by putting a ceiling on them. Without one, the other is just a pipe-dream. Average weekly wages of factory workers have increased forty-five percent since the outbreak of World War II, while the cost of living has gone up only fifteen percent. Despite this, the unions are grabbing for more. Unless wages and salaries are frozen at present levels, the other measures proposed by the President will be powerless to prevent an inflationary spiral that will engulf the great American middle class that is the backbone of this nation."

All over the country the Fred Harpers are reading such editorials. Their own income has remained stationary while living costs have mounted. President Roosevelt has proposed something that will call a halt at last, that will safeguard the national economy and help win the war. Is it any wonder that many of these Fred Harpers, reading their favorite newspapers, are persuaded that labor is rocking the boat and that wages must be frozen if the President's program is to succeed? "If compromise advances are to be allowed in wages," said the New York *Times* on May 6, "compromise advances must be allowed in prices. If prices and wages are not put in the same status, in short, the plan must in a short time break down."

Must it? Let's try to find out. All of us can agree that whatever is needed to win the war must be done no matter what sacrifice it involves for any individual or group or class. This has a corollary: anything that interferes with winning the war must not be done no matter what benefit it brings to an individual or group or class.

But the difficulty comes when we try to agree on what will help and what will hinder the war effort. Take taxes, for example. In his message to Congress President Roosevelt urged that new legislation should "seek to take by taxation all undue or excess profits." According to the Department of Commerce figures on national income, the net profits of incorporated business (after payment of taxes and all other deductions) increased thirty-one percent in 1941 over the previous year. *They were actually 4.5 percent greater than net profits in the record year of 1929 when taxes were much smaller.* Despite this and despite the necessity of sacrifice by all classes if the Axis is to be defeated, the May report of the National City Bank states that "the point has been reached where there is grave doubt as to how much further taxes can be raised without weakening of incentive for economy and efficiency, impairing the financial strength of some corporations, and actually slowing down the pace of production upon which success in the war effort depends."

And on the very day that the *Times* published its editorial demanding the freezing of wages, it printed another editorial insisting that the proposed ninety-four percent excess profits tax—though it is calculated on a basis that favors the most profitable corporations—"may impair war production by leaving no incentive for savings and efficiency."

To me this attitude seems far-fetched, to say the least. But surely at least equal consideration ought to be given when workers who get thirty dollars or thirty-five dollars or forty dollars a week tell us that they need the incentive of time and a half for overtime after forty hours of hard work and say that freezing wages will impair their efforts to produce for victory. In the case of both profits and wages the sole test should be the strengthening of the fight against the Axis. But this means that it is necessary to examine the facts.

It is true that the average weekly wages of all factory workers increased forty-five percent from September 1939 to February 1942. But it is also true that this brings the average

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wage of these workers to only $35.76 a week, or about $1,859 a year. This still falls short of the US Department of Labor's "minimum health and decency budget" which, according to the calculations of Labor Research Association, required on January 15, 1942, an income of $2,159 a year, or over forty-one dollars a week. Increases in living costs would push this figure even higher today. Furthermore, factory workers are not the whole American working class by a long shot. They constitute, in fact, less than one-third of some 40,000,000 in non-agricultural employment. The millions in transportation and public utilities, retail and wholesale trade, hotels, laundries, white-collar jobs, and government service, have increased their earnings very little and in many cases not at all. Thousands of salesmen and other workers are losing all their income—temporarily at least—because of the curtailment of civilian output.

THE first question to determine is: how much of a factor have wage increases been in the fifteen percent jump in living costs since the beginning of the war? The evidence shows that wages began to rise *after* prices. Within a month after the outbreak of war the wholesale prices of twenty-eight basic commodities went up thirty-two percent, while the average of all wholesale prices rose five percent. *Wages, however, increased only one-half of one percent in that month.* Only since March 1941, when workers in coal, steel, auto, and cotton manufacturing won pay increases to enable them to meet increased living costs, have wage rates begun to rise in many other branches of manufacturing.

Moreover, prices have gone up far more than net labor costs. US Commissioner of Labor Statistics Isador Lubin, in opposing the freezing of wages before the House Banking and Currency Committee last October 14, pointed out that the rise in prices was great enough to cover "very substantial wage increases in the future as well as those already made." In calculating labor cost it is important to bear in mind the increased productivity of labor, that is, the increased amount of goods a man turns out in an hour. As a result of greater productivity, "the labor cost . . . of manufacturing," according to Commissioner Lubin, "was actually lower in 1940 than in 1937 even though wages had risen." And so we have this picture, as presented in Mr. Lubin's testimony: net average wholesale price increases since 1936: raw materials, thirty percent, durable goods, 11.2 percent, all commodities, twenty percent; net increase in labor cost since 1936: 1.2 percent. Mr. Lubin came to the conclusion that by July 1941 an increase in wholesale prices of three percent would have been sufficient to cover the net rise in labor costs since August 1939. In actual fact, however, "the wholesale prices of commodities, other than farm and food products, advanced by 11.7 percent." It might also be added that, in view of record profits, the industrialists of this country could easily have absorbed even the three percent net increase in labor costs.

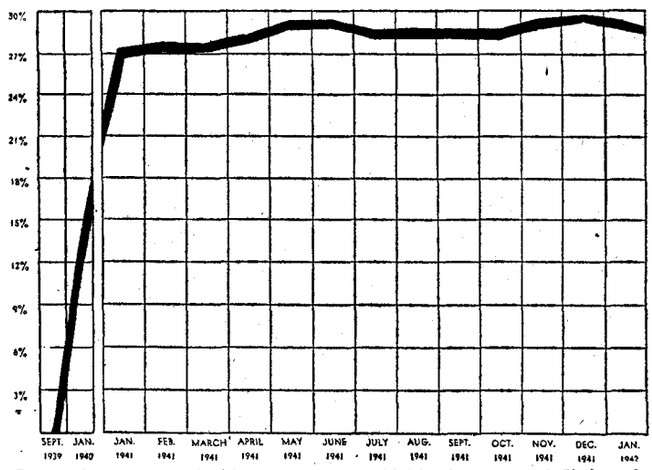
The second question to determine is: if wages are not frozen, while prices are pegged, is it true, as the New York *Times* maintains, that the President's economic program "must in a short time break down"?

No one can give a categorical answer to this question. The *Times* makes a flat prediction, but actually it is guessing, and it presents no evidence to back up its guess. All I can do is offer my own guess—with supporting evidence. I don't think this is the last word on the subject, but it may help in arriving at an approximation of the truth.

First, it should be kept in mind that no one is proposing wage increases for all workers or for all organized workers. In his message to Congress President Roosevelt said: "I believe that stabilizing the cost of living will mean that wages in general can and should be kept at existing scales." Past experience lends support to this view. At the same time the President also said: "The existing machinery for labor disputes will, of course, continue to give due consideration to inequalities and the elimination of substandards of living." Will upward adjustment of wages in certain instances, where inequalities or substandards of living exist, tend to upset the program to curb inflation? Those who say it will point to the fact that in 1942 the American people will have about $17,000,000,000 more to spend than there will be goods to buy; any wage increases, they argue, will only widen this so-called inflationary gap and send prices spiraling. To some extent I dealt with this problem in my article in last week's NEW MASSES, in which I attempted to show that since the low income groups have a lack rather than an excess of purchasing power, increasing their earnings will not increase the inflationary pressure. Let me add something further.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, in presenting his new tax proposals on March 3, said: "If I felt that the expenditures of this group [those exempt under present income tax laws] added materially to the danger of inflation, I should not hesitate to recommend the lowering of the exemptions in spite of the small amount of revenue that would be produced. Our studies at the Treasury indicate, however, that the very lowest income earners have all they can do to feed and clothe themselves and their families. Their buying habits are governed strictly by the need of maintaining nutrition and health. . . ." (Morgenthau's new proposal for lowering exemptions, whatever one may think of it, is not a repudiation of his position regarding the non-inflationary effect of the expenditures of the lowest income earners. Of the $1,100,000,000 in revenue which this new proposal is expected to produce, only $100,000,000 would come from those now exempt.)

Other studies support the view that putting more purchasing power in the hands of the lowest income groups is unlikely to swell the inflationary tide. (See, for example, the article, "Defense and Consumption," by Professor Otto Nathan in the *New Republic* of Aug. 25, 1941.) One of the latest such studies, made by the CIO Economic Division, deals with the effect of wage increases gained in 1941 on the purchases of the workers involved. It is still not complete, but preliminary results, published in the January issue of the CIO *Economic Outlook* and covering sixteen industries, nine states, and fifty-three cities and towns, show the following. The average family income in November 1941 of those included in the study was $173, an increase of twenty-two dollars a month over November 1940. On the average these families used the increased income to spend twenty-nine percent more on food, forty-three percent more on clothing, and ten percent more on rent. Thus, almost twenty dollars of the wage increase went



From September 1939 to January 1941 the cost of living in England rose twenty-seven percent. But as a result of widespread price control and rationing, there was only a two percent increase from January 1941 to January 1942. This stabilization has been achieved without freezing wages.

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for food, clothing, and rent. The inflationary effect of such expenditures is practically nil. There is no shortage of food; there is as yet no shortage of clothing and any that may develop can be met by price-fixing and rationing; in housing there is a shortage, particularly in war production areas, but rent-fixing and the efforts being made to build new homes for war workers should prove adequate to keep rents stable.

The Office of Price Administration has announced that manufacturers whose costs are considered too high to enable them to keep prices down will be granted subsidies. If it is all right to adjust the income of manufacturers upward in specific instances to keep our economy on an even keel, why isn't it all right to do the same for workers in specific instances?

Regarding this whole problem of the relation of wages to inflation we in America may find the experience of England profitable. The British have had a tougher job in this respect because they depend so much on imports of food and raw materials from other countries, some of which have been lost as sources of supply because of Axis conquest. Britain was also handicapped by the fact that price regulation and rationing were introduced too slowly and in piecemeal fashion; it was not till 1941 that widespread controls were in effect, though even today gaps still exist. From September 1939 to January 1941 the cost of living in Britain rose twenty-seven percent. But since then it has been remarkably stable, increasing only two percent from January 1941 to January 1942, as indicated in the chart on page 7. (My calculations are based on the British cost of living index from September 1939 to January 1942, published in the April issue of the *Monthly Labor Review* of the US Department of Labor.) *Yet there has been no wage freezing in England.* During 1941, in fact, there were aggregate increases of more than $8,000,000 a week for about 8,000,000 workers. The British experience points to one conclusion: it is possible to stabilize the cost of living without freezing wages. This is conceded even by so conservative a source as the *United States News,* edited by the big business-minded David Lawrence. The May 8 issue says: "Leon Henderson's price ceilings will stick for a time. They'll stick even without wage ceilings. English experience with prices seems to show that."

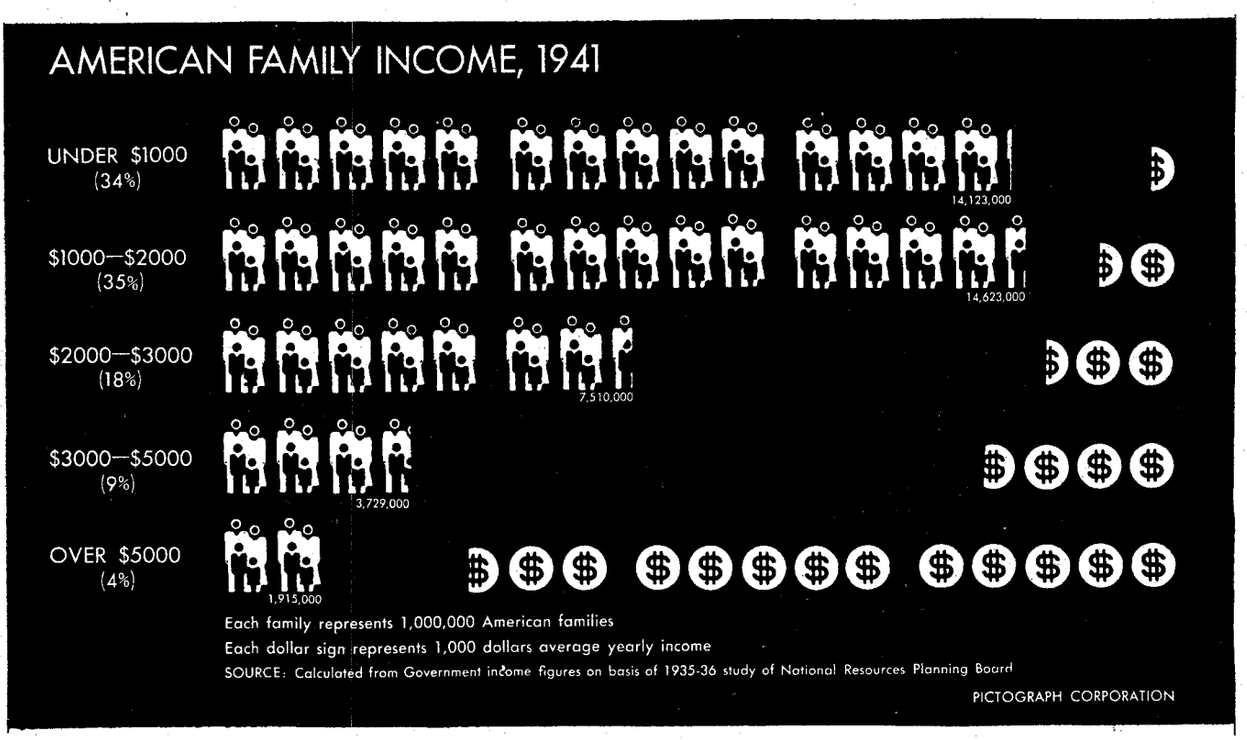
We come now to the final point: *wages in the United States in large measure already have ceilings placed upon them.* Not by the government, but by collective bargaining agreements in the case of organized workers and by the employers in the case of the unorganized. For example, during the past year living costs in the steel areas have risen by about 13½ percent. But the steel workers weren't able to increase their wage rates by a single penny because their contracts fixed rates for the entire year. It is only now, with the expiration of their agreements, that the men and women who produce the steel that goes into our guns, tanks, ships and other munitions are attempting to catch up with the higher living cost by demanding one dollar a day increase.

For the unorganized workers—and they constitute the majority of the American working class—the situation has been worse. They have had to take what the employer chose to give, particularly since there were until recently so many unemployed whom the employer could draw on for cheap labor. And so even the Fred Harpers who wear white collars have had to take their $32.50 per indefinitely and like it—and that, of course, is a much higher wage than the general average among unorganized workers. Neither Fred Harper nor America has anything to gain by freezing wages. The only ones that stand to gain are those corporations which made such vast profits in 1941. And even they will lose more in the long run.

For this war is not going to be won with manpower and materiel alone; it must have morale. Sacrifice, yes, but servitude, no. The men and women of America want to fight this war as free men and women. They want to give all to an America that gives all to them. Too many Americans, particularly those whose skins happen to be darker than others, have had so little freedom and decent living that they need more rather than less if they are to fight with full effectiveness. The freezing of wages would bring no real advantage to *any* class or group that wants to win the war. On the contrary, even if the economic argument in favor of it were stronger than I think it is, the placing of this club over the heads of the millions of workers who have already given up the right to strike and have pushed our war production ahead of Axis totals, would risk losing more in precious morale than any possible gain it might achieve. Why not give the President's program a chance?

A. B. MAGIL.

NEW MASSES *invites comment from its readers on the President's economic program. In an early issue we shall publish an article dealing with the problems of the middle classes in the battle against inflation.—The Editors.*



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THE FISHERMEN

Only fifteen were left of the French regiment that had gone into Belgium. Now they wandered aimlessly until they came to the banks of a river. . . .

The following is an excerpt from Vladimir Pozner's "The Edge of the Sword," a novel about the fall of France to be published by Modern Age Books. Mr. Pozner was born in Paris in 1905. A graduate of the Sorbonne, he has written both literary criticism and fiction. In August 1939 he was at work on a novel when he was ordered on short notice to report to his artillery depot. Until May 10, 1940, he vegetated in the army—as a chauffeur. During the next six momentous weeks he saw the collapse of his country, which had been betrayed by the Nazi collaborationists. In July 1940 Mr. Pozner was demobilized and came to this country, where he is now living.

FIFTEEN men remained of the infantry regiment which had gone into Belgium on the tenth of May only to leave it a few days later. The Battle of the Meuse had lasted barely forty-eight hours, and more and more frequently the military commentators would wake up at night to affix to the word "battle" the name of a new river which they discovered on the maps of the General Staff, on the Michelin maps for motorists, and later simply in the Petit Larousse dictionary.

The men of the regiment which had entered Belgium on the tenth of May, and since then had been attending this course in practical hydrography at the rate of some thirty miles a day, did not know the changing names of the battles they were supposed to be waging, nor even those of the rivers they crossed, more often than not under a barrage of aerial bombs. At each new bridge they left comrades on the north bank. Numbering 500 on the Loire, they were 192 on the banks of the Cher, and barely 100 when they reached the Creuse. They had long since lost Lozange, the bargeman, Leloup, the car-washer, the bee-keeper Ardant, their blind mascot Dubois, and all the officers. The survivors nevertheless surveyed each of these waterways that were so fatal to them with solicitude, exchanging their impressions as to the quantity and the kind of fish likely to be found there. Like all Frenchmen, they were born fishermen.

There were only fifteen of them—who did not know whether they had lost their regiment or had themselves been lost—when they reached a new watercourse whose name they had no more idea of than they had had of others'. Not being military commentators they were without maps of any kind.

It was not a very broad river, nor a very deep one—blue, with yellow splotches, shaded by trees whose roots dug into the mud of the banks. At the point where the men came upon it there was an old bridge of rose-colored sandstone with silvery moss along the parapets, and it had the shape of a big hump. It was the first bridge since the one over the Meuse that they crossed without waiting, or being bombed, either because no one ever came this way or because a handful of French soldiers was no longer worth a German bomb. Wholly absorbed in scrutinizing the water, they did not even give this a thought.

"I'll bet anything you like . . ." said one of them, and then suddenly stopped.

Each of them knew what was in the others' minds. Measuring each step with their swollen, aching feet, they recrossed the bridge. The north flank, rising steeply from the surface of the water, was the more suitable for fishing.

They had provisions in their knapsacks: for two weeks, like the whole French army, they had lived by stealing and begging. After pitching camp on the bank, they sent out one of their number to reconnoiter. Two hours later he returned with the information that he had found a village three kilometers away, and a grocery where lines and hooks could be obtained. He had even bought some for himself.

"You might have brought the rest of us some," said one of his comrades. But he replied that not knowing their tastes he couldn't have selected what they wanted, and his argument appeared so sound that they all set out for the grocer's.

The fishing goods shelf at the grocery shop—or, rather, the half-shelf, for the other half was given over to haberdashery—was well stocked. There were already soldiers gathered round it, who examined the newcomers suspiciously. The latter conferred in low voices, wholly absorbed, rummaged right and left, selecting their lines slowly and carefully. . . .

They listened absent-mindedly to the grocer's advice. Each one waited to make up his mind till he had recognized, with his fingers and his eyes, a kind he had used before.

Soldiers kept coming in every moment, besieging the owner with questions and requests.

"What hooks do you use to catch eel?"

"Do you have trout lines, and flies?"

Having made their choice, they solemnly paid and hurried off, delighted because the river must be full of fish and worried that there were so many competitors.

Evening was beginning to fall when, having made all their preparations, they set up their lines on the river whose name they did not know. They were silent, having nothing in particular to say to one another, and avoided moving about so as not to frighten the fish. At the end of two hours no one had caught anything.

They persisted until darkness swallowed up the floats on the surface of the water, the river, and the bridge. Then they dined on a few cans and some wine and settled down to sleep in the grass, under the trees. They were more disappointed than surprised. . . .

Waking up before daylight, they munched a crust of bread and went back to the river. A light mist hung over the water. There was not a riple on the surface. They heard the first morning birds, and at great intervals there was a splash among the tree-roots. Gravely the men went about their fishing. . . .

Toward the middle of the afternoon, while they still sat there expectantly before the sterile river, a man stopped near them. He was old, small, and lean. An arched nose jutted out from the middle of his face, which was gashed with deep lines. After a few minutes he went on his way. The fishermen barely noticed his presence.

An hour later they were startled by a burst of shouts behind their backs. A man bellowed: "Nation of fishermen! You coldblooded men! Nothing can stir you up, you pikes! The only thing you can get excited about is a stiff Pernod!"

The old man had returned, changed beyond recognition. He wore a black straw hat, had put on gray striped trousers and a black alpaca coat splashed with a double row of decorations below the left lapel. His whole body quivered, and he kept jerking his head from side to side. . . .

The soldiers felt embarrassed, as one always does in the presence of a lunatic. During the retreat they had seen more than one case of mental breakdown under the impact of fire and steel. Their comrade Tondu, the shepherd, who had gone to pieces over the encounter with a herd of dead horses, had opened the list, and the blind man, gentle though he was, had been touched in the head, though they could not tell whether his infirmity or a more recent accident had been the cause of it—his reason had capsized without witnesses.

"Take it easy, grandfather," said one of them soothingly. "We're busy. I'm telling you we haven't got time," he explained, as if talking to a child.

Again the old man jerked his beak right and left. His whole body trembled.

"Do you know what France is, I wonder? The France of Jeanne d'Arc and the Commune!"

Suddenly he burst out singing, in a cracked voice:

Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'etendard sanglant est leve!

"The banner of tyranny is waving," he said, quivering with emotion. "We've been

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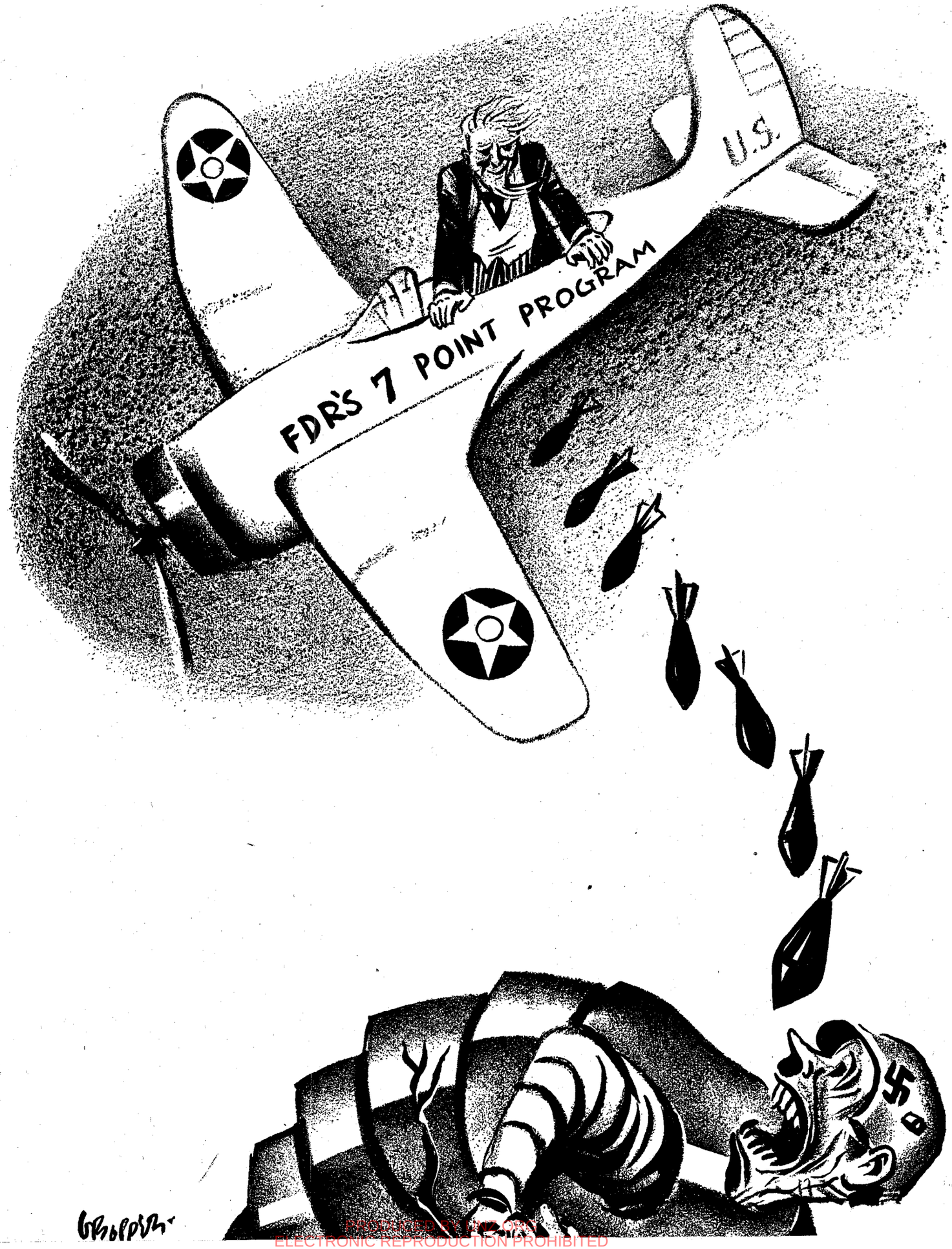

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sold out, betrayed, by the Chouans, by the Cagoulards. The bloody banner waves over France. You've forgotten the soldiers of Valmy!" he screamed in such a piercing voice that the fishermen jumped.

They were getting furious. The old maniac must have scared away all the fish in the river, if indeed there had ever been any. And his shouts, incomprehensible though they were, were somehow vaguely insulting.

"Do we punch his nose for him?" one of them suggested. But the man was old, obviously insane, and was more heavily decorated than a hotel porter, with ribbons that were so old that they must have gone back to the war of 1870. Besides, they did not have the slightest inclination to fight.

"This war is ruining everything, even the fish," said one soldier.

They philosophized, with their backs obstinately turned on the old man. Memories came back to them, memories of pre-war days which had a taste of kisses and of cool, green mint drinks. By turns, interrupting one another, they told in detail the stories of their miraculous catches, and though each one knew the teller was lying, they respected one another's lies. They told of fishing gudgeon with maggots, of using pheasant-feathers for trout flies, and of the inexhaustible ruses of fish. The old man would interrupt this shouting to plead with them in a gentle, ingratiating voice. They did not listen to him.

He appeared at nightfall. The men shortly went to sleep, very much out of sorts.

Early dawn found them again at their posts, but they were not alone. The old man was there, wearing his grotesque straw hat. He had taken his position on the bridge, with his hand resting on the parapet like an orator on the rostrum, and his voice drowned out the chirping of the birds.

"There you are, sitting on your behinds; fishing!"

In spite of their annoyance the soldiers glanced up with amusement. Encouraged, he asked slyly:

"What do you do at night? You sleep! I meditate. I stand with my back against a tree, and I think. 1789," he said ecstatically, "was a glorious year! And so was 1936! What have you left of all that, you freshwater fishermen? What have you left?"

He pointed an accusing finger toward them, he demanded an answer.

"The forty-hour week was swell, all right," said one soldier, but none of his comrades was a worker, and they advised him to keep quiet.

"Let him shout. He'll wear himself out sooner or later."

For the moment there was no sign of this.

"Is there no strong feeling left in France?" bleated the old man. "A Frenchman doesn't ask for much: an aperitif and a witticism. I see coming," he declaimed with a vast sweep of his arm, "the reign of mediocrity and platitude." And, leaning toward the soldiers over the parapet: "Yes, you sand dabs!"

Pozner in his French Army uniform

The day dragged on interminably. The old man ranted on and on. From time to time his voice would weaken, and the soldiers would look at one another meaningfully. But presently he was at it again, more lustily than before. When the funereal straw hat and the maniac's eagle beak were silhouetted against the scarlet background of the setting sun, his voice had become quavery, but his imagination showed no sign of running dry. Night put an end to the duel between fifteen silent soldiers and a panting old man.

They ate their dinner despondently. They were sick of canned food and indulged in elaborate dreams of steaks and fried potatoes and of fish fried over a wood fire. If the old man came back the next day, they decided, they would go and fish further off.

The next morning, however, he did not come back. Joyously they ran for their poles.

"I've got a feeling they're going to bite today," said one soldier. And in fact he had barely thrown out his line when, for the first time since the mobilization, his fingers felt the familiar tug of the fish about to swallow the bait.

He was never to know whether or not it had been a real nibble. The roar of a plane suddenly filled the sky. His comrades dropped flat on their bellies in the grass. He thought to himself: "The bastard scared him away," and he waited for the bomb to burst.

The sound of the motor faded away. Now it came from afar, strained through the warble of birds. The soldiers got up again. The light had gone out of their faces. Once more the war had caught up with them.

Half an hour later a lieutenant of engineers drew up in a truck, with a sergeant and a few men. The officer was young, rosy-cheeked, dashing; he looked at the fishermen out of the corner of his eye in the hope that they would salute him and, convinced to the contrary, pretended not to notice them.

"This is the bridge, all right, sir," said the sergeant.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, it's a bridge anyway," said the sergeant, and they both laughed.

The sappers unloaded spades and picks. While some dug a trench at the approach to the bridge others busied themselves on the bridge itself, at the point where it arched its back. The fishermen paid no attention to them at first, but when they saw the bundle of dynamite sticks which the sergeant pressed to his bosom like a baby, one of them said:

"It doesn't look so good," and he asked one of the soldiers who were digging the trench:

"Say, pinhead, what are you fellows up to?"

"We're blowing up the bridge," said the man in the indifferent voice of one for whom bridges are intended to be blown up.

Then the soldiers of the infantry regiment which had entered Belgium on the tenth of May understood the vanity of their hopes.

"Well, there weren't any fish there anyway," said one of them, and even the one who had had a nibble did not contradict him.

They picked up their packs and crossed over to the south bank. They walked slowly, and their feet were again beginning to ache.

The lieutenant was the last to cross the bridge. He glanced at his watch for a moment with a rapt expression. Then, with an elegant sweep of his arm, he cried, "Let 'er go!"

No one spoke. In the silence they heard the sound of running footsteps. It was the old man. He was wearing his straw hat, his striped trousers, his alpaca coat. They could hear him pant as he ran.

"Why, he's heading for the bridge," said the lieutenant. "Stop him!"

And he shouted, "Halt! We're blowing up the bridge!"

"Halt!" shouted the soldiers, and two or three of them ran toward the old man to stop him. He dodged them with a sudden leap. His straw hat rolled to the ground. He reached the bridge.

"He's mad," cried the lieutenant, "he's mad! Do something!"

There was nothing to be done. The old man had slowed his pace.

"He'll never get over in time," moaned the lieutenant, and he buried his face in his hands.

Upon reaching the middle of the bridge the old man stopped and turned to the group of soldiers. With ceremonious arrogance he stretched his head to the right, then to the left, with a jerky movement.

"Nation of fishermen!" he shouted.

At the same moment the charge exploded, and blocks of rose-colored scandstone flew skyward and fell into the water and on the banks.

They spent an hour looking for the body. The lieutenant, crestfallen, directed the search. He had done his work well: of the bridge only two jagged stumps remained. It had become a familiar wartime bridge, a bridge like any other.

They found nothing. But after the last echoes of the explosion had died away, regiments of fish, killed by the concussion, rose to the surface, and their silver bellies glistened ironically in the sun.

The fifteen soldiers walked for a long time straight before them, melancholy, but moderately so. Now that the old man was no more, his words took on a new resonance in their ears.

VLADIMIR POZNER.

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WATCH on the POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

WASHINGTON CAN DO WITHOUT MR. SMITH

Poll tax: the secret of the Virginia congressman's success. The story of a Negro sharecropper and the Supreme Court's refusal to accept a challenge. How to defeat the southern bourbons.

Washington.

THE announcement that Emmett C. Davison, secretary-treasurer of the AFL machinists and former mayor of Alexandria, Va., will oppose Howard Smith for reelection to Congress in the eighth Virginia district is indeed good news. Smith leads the anti-labor bloc in the House, and acts as a consistent mouthpiece for his colleague and mentor, that choleric windbag, Sen. Harry Byrd. Smith has opposed the administration on almost every domestic measure; above all, he has made a profession of hounding the unions.

Mr. Davison is generally conceded to have a chance against Smith. But in all frankness, the contender is up against a pretty tough proposition. Howard Smith counts on his long head start —over eighty-five percent of the population in his district will not vote because of the poll tax. (Mr. Smith was elected in 1940—if you want to call it "elected"—by 13.1 percent of his constituents.) Every voter prevented from going to the polls, it must be conceded, counts in Mr. Smith's favor—since the absent vote is lost by Mr. Davison. Howard Smith knows this right well—no one knows better that those denied suffrage by the poll tax are overwhelmingly part of an economic class for whom Mr. Smith does not talk, of whom, in fact, Mr. Smith is contemptuous—workers, both Negro and white; farmers, both Negro and white; sharecroppers and tenants, both Negro and white; the unemployed, both Negro and white. To vote in Virginia, a citizen must pay the $1.50 poll tax at registration, as well as the tax for the two preceding years if he was old enough to vote in those years—$4.50 in all. The standard of living in Virginia is low (as it is throughout the South). Poor farmers, the unemployed, workers receiving sub-standard wages, Negro *and* white, just cannot afford this sum. Howard Smith is thankful for the advantage.

It is certainly not surprising that the so-called "representatives of the people" from the South cling to the poll tax—it is their security in office, their protection from the majority of people who would have none of them.

Just this last week the poll tax was challenged before the Supreme Court. It was a roundabout business, and few noticed the Supreme Court's refusal to accept the challenge. The Court hoped that by sidestepping the case, the matter would be dropped. Efforts are now being made to force a ruling directly on the poll tax—a subject the Court seems to dread.

THE recent test of constitutionality arose out of a murder case. A young Negro sharecropper, Odell Waller, accused of murdering a former white landlord, Oscar Davis, pleaded not guilty. But in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, a Negro has little chance, and as a matter of course, the grand jury indicted Odell Waller, a trial jury declared him guilty, and the judge imposed the death sentence. A routine procedure, in the South, and undoubtedly the charges that the case was badly mishandled by "friends" who undertook Waller's defense have some bearing on the sentence. I am not going to argue the case here, nor do more than point out that a man's life is at stake. The defense counsel demanded a writ of habeas corpus from the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals, and when that was refused out of hand, took the case to the US Supreme Court, using certain relevant facts previously stressed by the National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax. These facts are worth consideration.

The young Negro sharecropper was sentenced to death without benefit of due process of law, in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. Both the grand jury and the panel from which the trial jury was selected were composed solely of poll taxpayers in Pittsylvania County. In other words, the accused was deprived of his constitutional right to a trial by a jury of his peers. In Virginia the reality is that non-payers of the poll tax are automatically barred from jury service. The Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals did not even bother to deny this charge. The court saw nothing wrong with a death sentence imposed on a twenty-four-year-old Negro, several years a sharecropper, even though the jury was composed of men in entirely different economic circumstances from the defendant. Waller was tried *not* by the people of his community—as was his right under the US Constitution—but by a selected, "superior," and prejudiced jury with an economic outlook at variance with that of the defendant and with a known contempt—to put it mildly—for the accused because of his color and his economic status.

Too generally the poll tax is thought of as merely a device to prevent Negroes from voting. The Waller case points up how much more drastically the poll tax cancels the basic democratic rights of the American people. Eighty percent of the citizens of Virginia are not governed by their consent (the foundation of American democracy) since they are allowed no participation in their government.

The US Supreme Court, for its part, has warily avoided the issue whenever it has been asked to judge the constitutionality of the poll tax in the light of the Fourteenth Amendment which guarantees all citizens against discrimination not only because of color or race, but also because of class or any other distinction. If the poll tax is sanctioned, then by the same reasoning, states can bar from jury service all Catholics or Protestants or Jews; or all members of the CIO but not of the AFL, or vice versa; or all persons on WPA; or all persons

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with incomes above $5,000; or all persons with incomes less than $5,000. The poll tax, which in reality excludes from jury service an entire economic class, deprives citizens of civil and political rights and public privileges.

Yet the Supreme Court held (Smith v. Texas): "It is part of the established tradition in the use of juries as instruments of public justice that the jury be a body *truly representative of the community.*" (My emphasis.) Certainly the poll tax violates this ruling—and the Waller case is only an ugly example out of countless other examples that could be offered. The Court held (Pierre v. Louisiana) "Indictment by Grand Jury and trial by jury cease to harmonize with our traditional concepts of justice at the very moment *particular groups, classes or races*—qualified to serve as jurors in a community—*are excluded as such from jury service.*" (My emphasis.) Certainly, again, this premise is ignored wherever the poll tax is in operation.

The present Virginia constitution was adopted in 1902. It is worth noting that in 1870 at the time Virginia was readmitted to the Union after the Civil War, the US Congress provided that "the constitution of Virginia shall *never* be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen *or class of citizens* of the United States of the right to vote, who are entitled to vote as the constitution herein recognized." (My emphasis.) The Virginia constitution of 1870 did not contain a poll tax clause. But by 1902, a small reactionary minority set about writing a new constitution which would deprive the majority of their democratic rights. In direct violation of specific congressional provisions, a hand-picked convention reworded the Virginia constitution—and to write in the poll tax, the delegates first had to drop Article Twenty of Virginia's Bill of Rights, which read: "All citizens of the state are hereby declared to possess equal civil rights and political rights and public privileges."

CARTER GLASS, now senator from Virginia, was the big noise at the 1902 convention. His speeches are worth study. "The chief purpose of this convention," said Mr. Glass, "is to amend the suffrage clause of the existing constitution. It does not require much prescience to foretell that the alterations which we shall make will not apply to 'all persons and classes without distinction.' We were sent here to make distinctions. We expect to make distinctions. We will make distinctions." And further Mr. Glass remarked, ". . . no body of Virginia gentlemen could frame a constitution so obnoxious to my sense of right and morality that I would be willing to submit its fate to 146,000 ignorant Negro votes (great applause) whose capacity for self-government we have been challenging for thirty years past."

The Virginia poll tax differs only in unimportant detail from the poll tax in the other southern states. The purpose is everywhere the same—to deny self-government to the majority, Negro and white together. No legislation saps the vitality of American democracy so perniciously as the poll tax. No legislation is more useful to the defeatists, the disruptionists, the fascist-minded. The poll tax goes far to explain Martin Dies, "Cotton Ed" Smith, Bilbo, Harry Byrd—in fact, to explain the whole reactionary, anti-labor, anti-administration, anti-progressive, anti-Negro, anti-democratic bloc that has its stronghold in disenfranchised South.

The poll tax must be eliminated to make democracy strong in the face of its enemies within and without. In Congress today the joint Pepper-Geyer bill to repeal the poll tax is buried in the judiciary committees of the House and Senate, while those who hold office because the people in their states are prevented from voting, assiduously block legislation to end this anti-democratic discrimination. The judiciary subcommittee has heard four days of testimony on the anti-poll tax bill; it must hold one more hearing on the constitutionality of the proposed legislation, but no date has been set for this hearing. The House judiciary committee, with Hatton W. Sumners of Texas as chairman, refuses to place the legislation before Congress. Here in Washington the National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax is carrying on an intensive campaign to force the judiciary subcommittee to get on with its final hearing, and to force both the House and Senate judiciary committees to report out the anti-poll tax bill favorably before this session ends. With elections imminent the poll taxers are naturally stalling. The slogan raised by the National Committee: "Fight Fascism with Democracy: Repeal the Poll Tax," is a call to action.

★

GOOD news: A Citizens' Committee to Free Earl Browder has been formed here in the nation's capital. More, the Free Browder Committee has gained important backing. Most encouraging, many men and women who disagree with Mr. Browder's political opinions are demanding his freedom as a matter of simple justice and because they appreciate the important contribution Earl Browder can make to the war effort once he is freed from the Atlanta Penitentiary. In two weeks the Washington committee has taken on sufficient size and prestige to reserve newspaper space—a page—for an advertisement urging Washingtonians to support the committee's campaign, and to call a public meeting for May 22. The call and the advertisement will be signed, among others, by Rev. A. T. Molligen, chairman; Virginia Durr; Bjorne Halling of the CIO Maritime Committee; Dr. Mortimer Graves, executive secretary of the American Council of Learned Societies; Charles Houston, counsel of the NAACP; Dr. C. Herbert Marshall of the NAACP; Jack Mink, of the cafeteria workers and secretary of the Washington CIO Industrial Council; I. F. Stone, Washington editor of the *Nation;* Dr. Doxey Wilkerson, professor at Howard University; Mrs. Luke I. Wilson; Reverend Jernagin, president of the Interdenominational Church; Dr. Donald Goodchild, scientist; Reverend De Bordenave of Alexandria, Va.; Leighton Williams of the hotel and restaurant workers, AFL; Rep. Vito Marcantonio; Rev. Armand T. Eyler; Rev. Fairfax King; Dr. D. H. Daugherty; John P. Davis of the National Negro Congress, and others.

Curb this inflation

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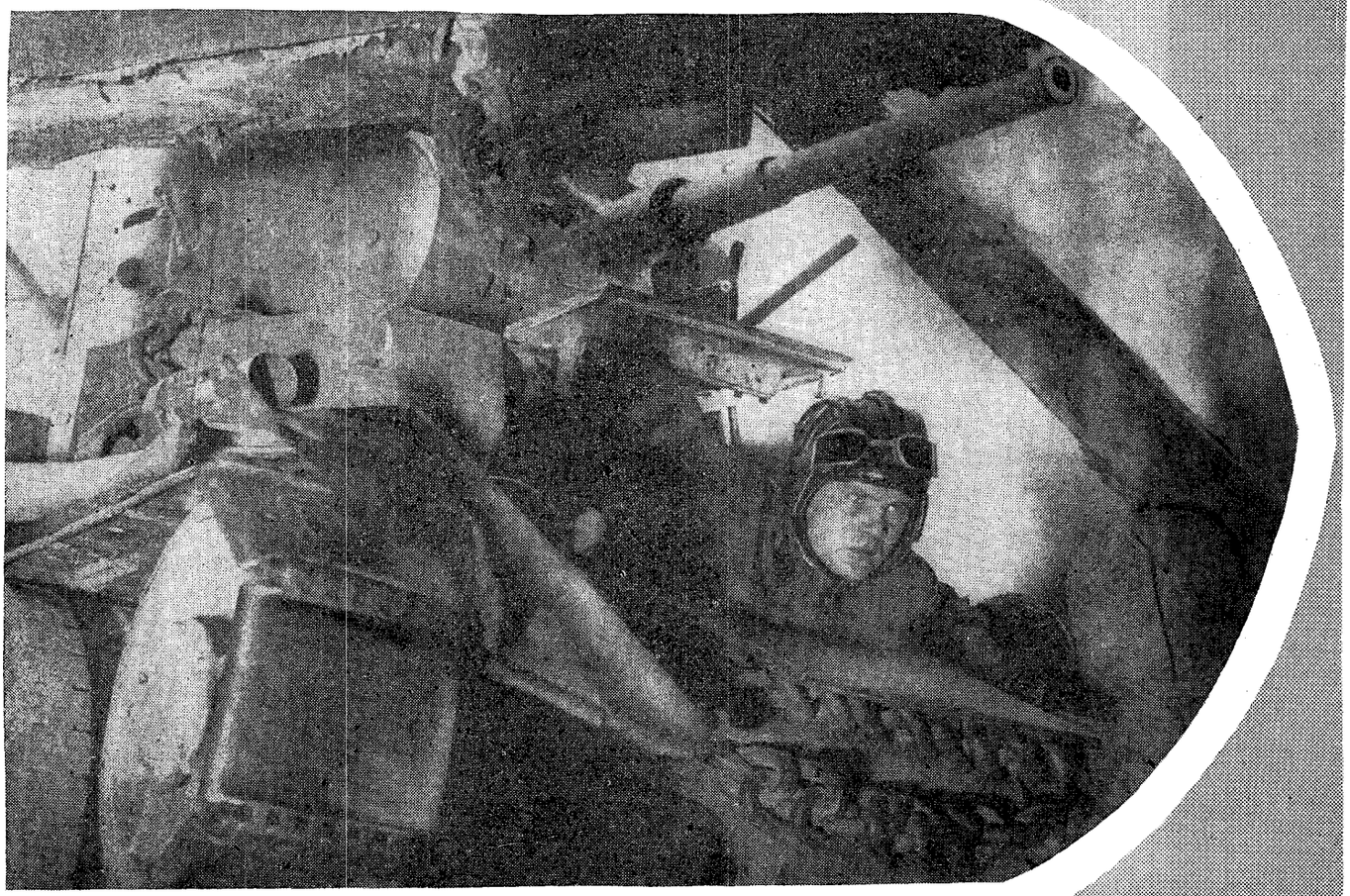
TANK CHARGE ACROSS THE ICE



Last week in the first installment of this remarkable report, the writer recounted the story of the birth of a tank in a plant evacuated from Leningrad and now operating deep in the interior of the Soviet Union. The author accompanied the tanks and their crews back to the northern front where they are poised ready for action.—The Editors.

Kuibyshev (by cable).

THE tanks imperceptibly entered the village hidden in heavy snowdrifts. This was the concentration point before the offensive. The machines had to be hastily camouflaged, for morning was already breaking and there was danger of being spotted by enemy aircraft. On an incline which sloped down toward the river, Lieutenant Astakhov noticed an old bathhouse. The place was very convenient for guarding the village. But no doubt the German planes had already been over the place. "Look here," Astakhov said to Lieutenant Chilikin, "you certainly can't settle yourself right next to it. Get into the bathhouse," he ordered.

That morning enemy reconnaissance planes repeatedly circled above. They flew singly and in pairs. But there was nothing to arouse suspicion. There were the same village huts with smoke curling up from the chimneys. The tops of two KV tanks on the outskirts were covered with canvas to simulate roofs and chimneys. Smoke came from them and they were in no way different from other village huts. The bathhouse by the river was also there, only slightly swollen, for a tank had pushed aside one wall and nosed into the building. After their long trip the crews slept some twelve hours. Only sentries kept vigil.

The following day several trucks brought tankmen from the neighboring unit who had been at the front since the beginning of the war. The oldest of the guests was Major Segeda, tank battalion commander. This lively Ukrainian with a keen sense of humor, typical of his people, described one unusual tank attack. "This was a stiff fight," he said. "The driver was wounded in the arm, and I had to take his place. Our ninth attack was at its height when suddenly I heard the voice of Gun Commander Kononov: 'Comrade Major, the shells have given out!' 'Use machine gun,' I ordered. 'Comrade Major, we fired the last cartridge!' 'All right,' I said, 'keep good watch from the top, we will get at them with the caterpillars.' Stepping on the gas, I headed for the biggest trench. 'Nazis with hand grenades,' Kononov cried from above. I looked in front and right there was a Nazi emerging from the trench with hand grenades ready to be thrown. I stopped abruptly and automatically pressed the tank horn. A terrific roar rent the air and frightened the German who ducked back into the trench.

"When he again appeared, I was racking my brains what

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to do, when suddenly my cannon poured forth a pillar of flame straight at the face of the fascist. He fell at the edge of the trench, pressing his burned snout into the snow. It turned out that my gun commander decided to add a simple signal rocket to the hooting of the tank. Training the gun on the German, he fired the rocket point blank through the gun. Well, everything is possible in war, think of it, horn and rocket, would you believe it? And now get ready for work," announced Segeda when he finished his story. He decided to acquaint the new arrivals with the experience of tank warfare in local conditions. Segeda's mechanics, drivers, wireless operators, gunners departed to instruct respective specialists who just arrived.

The Command decided on a partial exchange of tankmen. The less experienced of the newcomers were temporarily transferred to Segeda's unit. In exchange, Astakhov received Corporal Bolshunov, who had 200 hours in battle to his credit; Senior Sergeant Tenditny, who led his tank into twenty-eight attacks; Junior Sergeant Gordeyev, expert at ramming; Senior Sergeant Kononov, gun commander who never missed his mark, and Gun Commander Maschev, with the experience of twenty battles behind him. The men were given a joyful welcome by our tankmen.

Later I witnessed one more interesting object lesson: the reading of the latest German regulations on the struggle against the Soviet heavy tanks. The regulations were found on an anti-tank battery officer. "The fact that the enemy is using heavy tanks which cannot be crushed by the German tanks, compels us to look for a way out of the situation," reads paragraph one. The Germans are therefore looking for this way out. "The German tanks," the regulation reads on, "which are designed for fighting in normal conditions to destroy the enemy tanks in an offensive battle, are unable in the present war to fulfill this task with their former equipment. It becomes therefore the task of the infantry shock detachments to destroy the super-heavy tanks." A fine testimonial for Hitler's panzer armies! We were, of course, interested in the methods of the "shock infantry detachments" now formed in the German Army and therefore did our best to study them and be ready to give them a fitting reception.

FIVE rivers flow into Lake Ilmen from the south alone. Seventy-five meters to a half kilometer wide, these rivers in turn take in dozens of rivulets, tributaries, and streams. The lake itself and the river mouths afford the best natural protection for troops on the defensive. This splendid defense line had been in German hands since autumn. Taking advantage of it, they could continue the blockade to Leningrad. During the winter the fascists laid many mines and succeeded in putting up a great number of fortifications and barbed wire entanglements. The entire locality of hundreds of kilometers to the south of the lake was converted by the Germans into a strong fortified district.

"That's why I invited you comrades tankmen to part for the day with your beloved wheels and caterpillars and take to your skis to carry out a deep reconnaissance operation," said the commander of the formation in which our tank battalion was included.

In twenty-four hours the tankmen on skis under the command of Major Maximov covered some forty kilometers. Dressed in white hoods, the scouts penetrated not only far into the frosty forest by shore but also onto the lake itself.

Then followed the day of rest. Lighter machines were now added to the KV tanks stationed in the woods. Taking advantage of his leisure, a young tankman clad in a well fitting fur coat carefully painted on the turret of his machine in scarlet letters, "Let's Avenge the Soviet Girls!". Suddenly the tankman paused, inspecting his work as if displeased with the results, and then promptly dipping a piece of matchwood into the can of red paint, added one more word. "Let's Avenge our Beloved Soviet Girls!" he read, smiling contentedly. I later learned that the sweethearts of four of the tankmen were in occupied territory.

Finally orders were received for the tank battalion. They were instructed to cross Lake Ilmen and tributaries during the night, penetrate the enemy position—thirty to forty kilometers deep—and launch a surprise attack on the flank of his main forces in the district of Staraya Russa. It was a question of encircling the 290th Rifle Division and SS Division, part of the 16th Army. As dusk fell, the engines were charged and the battalion prepared to leave its temporary camp.

The five KV tanks started out with a roar which sent the earth trembling. A heavy blizzard covered up our approach to the starting positions for an attack. We were on the outskirts of a small village, the last halt before the decisive thrust. We had to cross water barriers and reach the place of battle in full order. Lieutenant Astakhov inspected the tanks. "How's your machine?" "In full order," the tankmen replied as one man. The last minute preparations were completed. The tank column was to go, together with the tank-borne infantry. The machines at the head were to carry sappers who were to destroy the anti-tank mines. It was hard to distinguish in the darkness the KV tanks in the column.

A ten-kilometer thrust and we were on the ice of the ancient Lake Ilmen. The heavy tanks which carried the infantry cautiously crawled onto the ice. Old Ilmen, as if annoyed by the sudden disturbance of its peace, seemed to crack and grumble like an old oak shaken by a gust of wind. Over 150 kilograms of pressure per square centimeter of ice. Where the ice did not reach the bottom, it gave way, bending appreciably under the weight of the tank. The other heavy machines didn't move along the trail of the first but took to the left or right. Finally the ice of Lake Ilmen was left behind.

But the river which virtually bordered on the Nazi lines was still to be crossed. The ice on the river was much thinner and had to be reinforced for the heavy tanks to cross. A few minutes before our approach, tankmen of another unit paid dearly for ignoring it. Right in the middle of the river, one tank collapsed under the ice, the crew barely saving itself. The sappers prepared 2,000 logs with which to span the river and let a new coat of ice form on top. But we had crossed the lake ahead of the fixed schedule and the logs were still en route. What's to be done? Not a minute to be lost. It was midnight. In a few hours day would break and the enemy aircraft could spot us. The main thing was a fast crossing of the river which formed the outer wall of the fascist fortified district. Nevertheless, the logs were not yet in sight. Every passing minute threatened the failure of a well conceived operation. Some fast thinking and a decision. "Let's tear down the fences and the uninhabited houses of the nearest village to cover the ice," suggested Major Maximov to the sapper chiefs. Barely had he uttered these words when the sappers were on their feet. An hour later they brought all the lumber necessary for the cross-

The sappers stretched a log road for the KV's.

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ing. Overjoyed, the sappers immediately took to work. Of course we were sorry to have to tear down the village fences. But this was unavoidable. For they were to line our road to victory. In the meantime, the icy water rushing up through the pumps cemented the rows of logs. The bridge was ready.

And so we lay in the open. One after another the small and medium tanks crossed, followed by the KV tanks. We crossed to the opposite bank unnoticed by the enemy. Four powerful tanks took the drowned machine in tow. At the command "Go," thousands of horsepower pulled the fifty-ton bulk out of the river. The tank was saved. After two hours of fussing, its engine began to roar. The tank crew who escaped death several hours ago were jubilant. "With our tank we fear neither water nor fire," the tank commander jested merrily.

And so farther and farther through the forests and swamps our column moved on. Day began to break when we reached another barrier, but the Germans were still unsuspicious. The sappers worked splendidly. The logs were brought up on time. Soon we were again moving across. A pleasant surprise was in store for the German soldiers: on awakening, they would find a tank column suddenly appearing in the valleys by the rivers which comprised their line of defense. The fascist artillerymen relied entirely on their infantry patrols. But precisely that night, their patrols were unable to sound their alarm, having been quietly removed by our skiers without a single shot being fired.

One can easily imagine the confusion which ensued in the enemy camp. The Germans had to turn their guns ninety degrees to the left before opening fire. The first enemy shells burst on the bridge. "Shut the hatch, watch the enemy," Lieutenant Astakhov commanded. The infantry took cover behind the tanks. Apparently frightened out of their wits, the Nazis missed their targets. Astakhov had already crossed to the opposite bank. The enemy mines and shells were bursting closer and closer to the wooden bridge. Some sappers were wounded, but none left his post. Under fire, they bravely continued to help the tanks across. Heavy shells hit the bridge, tearing up logs and big blocks of ice. No one was killed, but two Red Army men, slightly injured, fell into a hole in the ice. Their comrades immediately rushed to the rescue and carried them to safety.

There was a new roar of explosion, but this time it was Astakhov's tank which fired. The lieutenant had already located the enemy battery. Three more tanks opened fire and the German battery was silenced. The sappers again got to work. The doctors and orderlies were busy with the two Red Army men who were pulled out of the river. With the forty-degree frost, their drenched uniforms froze into icy coats.

Apparently Astakhov so skillfully handled the German artillerymen that for a half an hour we moved unhindered and reached the third crossing. The familiar concert of automatic rifles and machine guns resounded through the forest. Our advanced infantry units struck at the enemy flank and rear. The third crossing wasn't too difficult, but was carried out in exemplary fashion as regards stratagem. When we reached the appointed place, there was no bridge in sight, so skillfully was it camouflaged. A fascist bomber appeared in the air. We were ordered to lie still in the snowdrifts in the forest until the fascist plane got through with its work. Our sappers prepared plenty of work for the fascists—a false pontoon a kilometer away from the real one.

When the fascist bomber dropped his whole load and was satisfied with his work, he returned to his base. Our battalion quickly thrust across. There were still some seven or eight kilometers to be covered across swamps. A little to the side, the swamp was overgrown with sparse wood. "Trample down the forest and clear the way for the battalion—this in my opinion is the job for your KV," said Major Maximov, addressing Astakhov. After inspecting the forest, Astakhov undertook to lead the column. The trees bent under the weight of the KV as if they were a thin garden fence. The road was cleared.

We reached a new water barrier 300 meters wide with steep banks rising to a height of twenty meters. Here the Germans were not taken by surprise. On the opposite banks they were furiously resisting our advanced infantry detachments. Nevertheless, the fascists were yet to learn what was coming. Major Maximov ordered the battalion deployed for attack and open fire across the river. "Lieutenant Astakhov! You remain in my stead in command on this bank and cover up my movement," he said. The major himself, with the small tanks, dashed across the ice onto the opposite bank. The Germans were dumbfounded by the appearance of the Soviet tanks which seemed to jump on them from under the ice. Taking advantage of the confusion in the German camp, Maximov attacked the fire emplacements of the first line of fortifications. In the meantime, the sappers were already putting up new pontoons. The battalion commander radioed an order for the heavy tanks to cross. Twilight fell. Under enemy fire, the machines crossed the fourth river barrier without a single loss.

Already we had been in action twenty-four hours. No one ate, but we didn't even think of food. Our main thought was of intrenching on the enemy line. The Germans retreated. The commander ordered a small respite or rather to prepare for a new fierce battle. The tankmen climbed out of their machines adjusting their uniforms. They could not be recognized at once because of the oil and soot on their faces. Two hours' rest. The tankmen fully merited it. There was a feeling that something had been accomplished—although it was not the main thing, nevertheless, a great achievement—the unprecedented march of the tanks across the ice.

I. Polyakov.

In the concluding installment Polyakov describes how the Nazis were routed from their positions.

We lay in the open, waiting for the tanks to haul us over.

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POLAND'S ENEMIES IN AMERICA

How a clique of the old Warsaw Cabinet is trying to operate among the 5,000,000 loyal Polish-Americans.

GLANCE through the *Pariser Zeitung* of Dec. 20, 1941: "From September 1939 to September 1941 one million civilians *died* in Poland alone." The *Kolnische Zeitung* of Dec. 9, 1941, reports: 873,000 "Polish slaves" have been put to work in Germany. Add to that 65,000 death sentences, 250,000 Poles interned in 100 different concentration camps, famine in the ghettos, barbaric destruction of Polish culture—and you have but a pale picture of the conditions in which the Polish people find themselves today.

It would seem only natural that all those caught in Poland, together with the 8,000,000 Polish immigrants scattered over the world, would be unified in opposition to the criminal cancer of Nazism. They are—all except the tiny group of ex-Ministers and officials who live in profligate luxury in this country and Britain. Traveling bags filled with diamonds, furs, and gold, these gentlemen fled Poland with little difficulty, and went abroad to "nurture" the opinion that *"It is still possible to make war on the Soviet Union—it is still possible in spite of the mistakes of Smigly-Rydz, and in spite of the bloody September,"* as Gen. B. Wieniawa-Dlugoszowski, late adjutant of Pilsudski, remarked to me some months ago.

WHO are some of the members of this "Polish-American rapprochement"? The former Colonel and former Chief of the Russian section of the Polish Intelligence Service as well as former Finance Minister, Mr. I. Matuszewski, of the *Nowy Swiat,* 380 Second Avenue, heads this group. Next to him is the former Minister of Commerce and Industry, Mr. H. F. Rajchman, who lives at 620 West 113th St., New York City. Then, Gen. B. Wieniawa-Dlugoszowski, former adjutant to Marshal Pilsudski, who can be reached at the Polish consulate, 151 East 67th Street; ex-Minister Adam Koc, creator of the Polish-Nazi party, the OZN; the brothers Jedrzejewicz, and the first wife of Foreign Minister Beck. These are the leaders. They are in close contact with the Fishes, the Wheelers, Lindberghs, Coughlins, and their organizations. They have already collected $50,000 from various admirers of Hitler and have created under the name of Committee for National Defense, an association of opponents to the present Premier of Poland, General Sikorski.

Why do they oppose Sikorski? Because his government signed a pact with Soviet Russia on July 30, 1941, creating a basis for the common struggle against Nazism. This pact promises a closer collaboration between the two nations after the war and was once again confirmed on Dec. 4, 1941.

To the leaders of the "Polish-American rapprochement," the agreement with Soviet Russia is anathema. They have organized a declaration against Sikorski, and have even gone to the length of canvassing friends in London, to see whether an international movement could not be built up against the Polish government in London, its leaders and its policy.

For example, in December of last year one of this group, H. F. Rajchman, sent four letters to the former Minister W. Neumann in London, letters which found the light of day in a satirical monthly, *OSA,* published in New York.

"Prominent leaders among the former Polish immigrants and among present war refugees will sign this declaration, after which it will be sent to the President of Poland. Please inform General Sosnkowski that, although we do not wish to place all responsibility on him, we still feel for him as our old chief and know he will understand. Please acknowledge this letter by telegram and let us know what kind of life our friends are living." This last phrase, "what kind of life our friends are living," is obviously intended as the theme of the reply telegram: if "our friends live well," it means that the petition against Sikorski is having success. . . .

This same group created the "Polish National Theater" in America, a company which tours Polish centers presenting a play called *The Fifth Column,* which is a glorification of the Nazi ideology. The heroine of this play is an idealistic girl of good character who acts as sympathizer and agent for the Nazis. Opposite her is the scoundrel and good-for-nothing character who believes in socialism because "no one in the Soviet owns more than another." Also at the instigation of this group a "scientific" institution was created under the name of the Bureau of Documentation and Historical Facts with headquarters at the Polish consulate in New York. There is absolutely nothing in this organization or its functions to suggest science, facts, or history. It is simply a center of anti-Soviet propaganda. Ninety-nine percent of its staff is composed of former members of the old Polish governmental Intelligence Service. A similar "scientific bureau" exists in Washington under the name of the Pulaski Foundation and it is led entirely by ideological colleagues of I. Matuszewski.

This same gentleman is also responsible for the vehement articles in two Polish papers (the *Nowy Swiat* in New York and the *Dziennik Polski* in Detroit) violently attacking the military and political actions of Great Britain, the United States, and Poland. Yet, there is not a word in them concerning German atrocities or concerning Hitler's assassin-lieutenants in Europe.

Here is a sample of Matuszewski's work: "Liberty in Russia means death, but life means slavery." "On Soviet Russia lies the whole responsibility for the fate of the human race, because Soviet Russia is the cause of this war." (*Nowy Swiat,* Dec. 10, 1941.)

Occasionally, these Hitler-collaborationists find gullible victims among university professors. Their latest victim spoke recently over station WNEW. This was Prof. Charles Hodges of New York University, who made a speech in defense of Josef Beck and Marshal Smigly-Rydz and the whole fascist regime in Poland.

Some elements in Washington, on the other hand, are more patient and gentle with these people than they ought to be, this handful who, having brought their own country to ruin and crucifixion, fled as field mice flee from a flaming granary. These elements still believe that such mice cannot destroy with their gnawing the granite structure of democracy, failing to perceive how important the political mood of 5,000,000 Polish-Americans is in these critical days.

Fortunately, a majority of the Polish population in the United States oppose the work of this group. For example, The Polish National Council, which influences 1,000,000 people, headed by Prof. F. X. Swietlik, together with various Polish unions and newspapers like *Dziennik Zwiazkowy, Gwiazda Polarna, Glos Ludowy.*

Here is what *Gwiazda Polarna* of March 25, 1942, says about Matuszewski and his ideological colleagues: "It is the truth that those people are helping Hitler, because war against the Polish government is war against the USA, and war against our common purpose to liberate the human race from Hitler and his allies. Those people are to be condemned without excuses."

ANTONI GRONOWICZ.

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THE WEEK IN REVIEW

Challenge and Promise

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S speech last Sunday, reviewing the two tremendous years since the Nazi fury fell upon Norway and the Low Countries, has been widely judged as more confident, more genuinely optimistic than his speeches of the past. It was that, of course—and the Prime Minister certainly gave his listeners a sense of the steady crescendo of the war that must end in victory for our side. But two features in his remarks were especially noteworthy; one will be received with anguish and anger, the other with very mixed feelings.

We refer first to his revelation that the Nazis are using poison gas on the Soviet front. This came in the form of a warning to Hitler that Britain was itself prepared for gas warfare, and would retaliate if Germany used it against the Russians. But coupled with the *Tass* report of gas shells being fired from trench mortars in the Crimea, it is clear that Churchill was informing the world of a fact, rather than predicting a possibility. The war has reached a new plane of horror. Chemical warfare has begun. It was to be expected that in their desperation the Nazis would not shrink from using poison gas. But the news is heavy and shocking. It brings home again the realization that this war is decisive. It is the annihilation of us or the enemy. And it emphasizes the need for a major effort to smash the enemy this year.

In this latter respect, and this was to us the second noteworthy feature of Churchill's address, the Prime Minister left mixed impressions. On the one hand, he acknowledged the deep demand in England for a "second front," and by his observation that he could not reveal military intentions, left some hope that such a front was under consideration. But in his emphasis on the intensified air offensive, in which American flying fortresses will soon join, and in his failure to project the idea of victory in 1942, Churchill took some of the edge off an otherwise aggressive and encouraging address. It seems to us this will prove disappointing to that wide British public that wants to do more than merely bomb the Ruhr Valley this year.

That is not to deny the real achievement of the Royal Air Force in its continual and intense drubbing of German industrial centers from the air. Certainly, this must be damaging to the Nazis. But if this air offensive is meant as a substitute for a "second front," it will not meet the urgency of the war's crisis this summer; if, on the other hand, this air offensive is intended as preparatory to the opening of land fronts, as Anthony Eden and Archibald Sinclair, the British Air Minister, implied in speeches last week, that is another story. But even there the question is one of *timing:* an air offensive is necessary to prepare the second front, but the second front must come *this summer* to meet and forestall the dangers that confront us.

It is significant that almost all other observers agree that this summer, the next few months, will see the war's crisis. For example, there was the statement of General Wladislaw Anders, commanding Polish forces in the USSR, on May 8. He anticipated powerful German drives all along the front, especially from Smolensk and toward the Caucasus, and mentioned also the possibility of a Japanese attack in Mongolia.

THEN THERE was Vice-President Henry Wallace's remarkable speech to the Free World Association, also on May 8, in which he said: "I am convinced that the summer and fall of 1942 will be a time of supreme crisis for us all." He suggested that Hitler "is gathering all his remaining forces for one desperate blow," predicted possibilities of a thrust against Alaska, and a German directed drive from Dakar to foster an uprising in Latin America.

"We must be prepared," he said with extreme realism, "for the worst kind of fifth column work in Latin America, much of it operating through the agency of governments with which the United States is at present at peace."

In other words, the crisis of the war is definitely upon us, and whether it comes against Russia or is directed at our communications with Britain or on the Latin American flank of the United States, obviously only an offensive counter-thrust by the United Nations will enable us to meet it.

If Anders and Wallace are right, then we cannot think of air warfare only, and certainly not in terms of next year.

The Vice-President's speech had other significant features. It breathed understanding of the *people's* character of this war. Wallace emphasized that this war will bring changes that will be classed with the great revolutions of the eighteenth century, the French and American, the revolutions of 1848, and the vast new horizons that were opened to mankind in November 1917.

He stressed the interests of the common man in this war, spoke of advancing education, raising living standards, and properly characterized the fascists as men who were trying to bring the whole world back to medieval times, to slavery and darkness. He looked forward to the spread of education in Asia in the use of industrial techniques; he urged that the older nations help the younger ones to higher levels of productivity, and disavowed both "military and economic imperialism." He gave a sense of the powerfully progressive role that the United States is playing today, as the deep democratic instincts of our people are being aroused, and as we rely more and more on all that is advanced and democratic in our tradition.

IN A WAY related to the Vice-President's speech was the statement by Albert G. Milbank of the prominent law firm of Milbank, Hope & Tweed and president of the Milbank Memorial Fund. He observed that Russia and China were on the "threshold of becoming world powers," and suggested that in any future organization of Europe and Asia, these two countries ought to act as "spearheads" for the United Nations in keeping Germany and Japan within bounds. Naturally, we may disagree with the concept of Russia and China "policing" Europe and Asia; perhaps, after this war, the German and Japanese people may not need "policing" in the sense that Mr. Milbank visualizes.

But what strikes us is that his proposal represents a departure in current thinking on postwar matters. NEW MASSES has refrained from joining in this speculation, holding as we do that winning the war presents difficult enough problems, and believing as we do that much of the discussion of the future represents an evasion of problems of the present. But, thus far, the preponderant speculation in this country has been that the United States must win the peace and more or less administer it alone; perhaps together with a subordinated Britain. It strikes us as a great advance when men like Wallace and Milbank emphasize the *world role* of other powers, such as China and Russia. The sooner it is realized that a lasting peace can be built only together with them, the better off we shall be when the war is over.

FROM SWITZERLAND comes the report of the German Cardinal, Michael Faulhaber, to the Vatican, charging that Hitler is waging "a veritable war against Christianity." The Cardinal enumerates eleven points, among

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them that a systematic "anti-Christian espionage" is maintained by the Nazis, that "a moral blackmail" is used against faithful Catholics, in which less attendance at church is one of the conditions for keeping a job. Religious publications have been forbidden, young persons are denied the right to attend church gatherings, church property has been sequestered, often without warning or compensation. And Cardinal Faulhaber indicates in his report that these persecuitions are directed not only against Catholics, but Protestants as well, so that no one denomination, but religion as such, has become the object of the Nazi campaign.

Coming from such an authoritative source, this exposure of fascism should serve to eliminate every doubt in Catholic circles as to whether or not it is possible to cooperate with Hitler. It should undermine completely every Coughlinite pretension. What began in Germany as a persecution of the Jews and "radicals" now reveals itself as a revolt against advanced, progressive, and democratic thinking, as well as the ideals and institutions of Christianity as such. On the eve of an anticipated statement on the war from Pope Pius, Cardinal Faulhaber's memorandum is bound to have wide repercussions.

Model for Labor

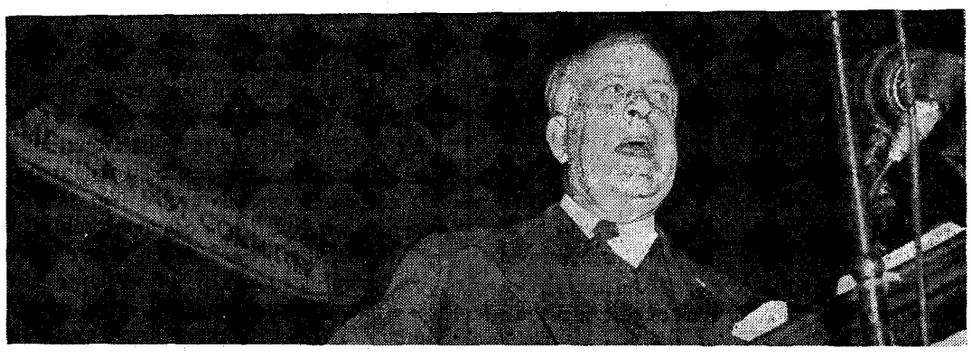
WE HOPE that Pennsylvania really is the Keystone State so far as American labor is concerned. In the week of May 3-10, the Pennsylvania CIO and the AFL, at their respective state conventions in Pittsburgh and Scranton, did some inspiring things. They showed, first of all, that they were out to win the war, and win it this year. And the first step on that program is unity: so both bodies of organized labor demonstrated their unreserved support for President Roosevelt and opposition to the snipers and defeatists. Both adopted resolutions urging their national executive boards to initiate negotiations for friendly cooperation of American, British, and Russian trade unions. And both stood for still closer unity between AFL and CIO—for continued joint action, only more of it. In the CIO convention, delegates pledged their full loyalty to Philip Murray, thereby slapping down John L. Lewis' disruptive followers. The latter did manage to defeat a resolution against their activities, by pressing a vote when nearly half the delegates were absent from the hall, however, the mighty CIO of Pittsburgh adopted the resolution unanimously that night. And while both conventions failed to speak out clearly for a Western Front this year, the whole tone of their speeches and resolutions was that of victory-in-1942. An outstanding contribution by the CIO delegates was its election program—according to this, candidates must pass a stern test of actively supporting an offensive war this year and backing President Roosevelt's seven-point program.

The next big scene in the labor-at-war drama takes place in Cleveland, May 19, when the Steel Workers Organizing Committee holds its constitutional convention. At that time, the Committee is to be reconstituted into a union—with 500,000 organized workers, perhaps the most important workers in the whole war program. These workers have gone through titanic battles to attain their present strength. They are mobilizing in Cleveland to map a campaign in the biggest battle of the times, the war against the Axis. Not that they haven't been fighting it already: steel is now being produced at about ninety-nine percent of previous capacity estimates, and the workers have broken record after record. True, the convention will face unsolved problems. There are still mills and departments in the steel industry not producing fully or, in some cases, producing at all. There is still unemployment in the industry. There is a need to put more life and action into the labor-management councils, to elicit full cooperation from the steel companies and from many workers who have not yet responded to the demands of victorious war. And there is the problem of adjusting wages to higher living costs (A. B. Magil discusses this subject in his article on page 6). But the SWOC has thrown some mighty big problems in its history; the organized steel workers will surely come to grips with these.

On the Wrong Foot

SECRETARY of the Treasury Morgenthau got off on the wrong foot with his request for the lowering of income tax exemptions. In his message to Congress presenting his seven-point economic program President Roosevelt asked that the new tax law "seek to take by taxation all undue or excess profits" and suggested that "no American citizen ought to have a net income, after he has paid his taxes, of more than $25,000 a year." That means heavy taxation of the very wealthy, both individuals and corporations. So far the Treasury has failed to bring in any proposals along that line. Instead it wants single men who make as little as twelve dollars a week and married men who earn only twenty-four dollars a week to pay income taxes (though they already bear more than their proportionate share of all kinds of indirect taxation). This would also mean raising the levies on the $2,000 to $10,000 a year brackets beyond the stiff increases proposed by Morgenthau on March 3.

When he originally presented his tax program in March, the Secretary of the Treasury objected to lowering exemptions and declared: "I cannot recommend a direct tax upon them [the very lowest income earners] until we have exhausted every possible source of revenue from those who enjoy higher incomes." What happened between March 3 and May 7 to convince Morgenthau that the point of exhaustion in regard to more revenue from higher incomes had been reached? One



SEN. DAVID WALSH. *On the night this picture was taken, the senator from Massachusetts shared the platform with Charles Lindbergh (note the America First banner in the background). Recently Senator Walsh was identified by the New York "Post" as the "Senator X" who, according to the "Post," often visited a house of degradation in Brooklyn which was frequented by Nazis. The importance of this expose does not pertain to Walsh's personal life. The significant, vital fact is that this was a Nazi hangout, to which American sailors were lured, and Walsh is chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee. Moreover, he has a long record as an appeaser; even since Pearl Harbor he has voiced the conviction that the American fleet should be kept as close to home as possible. Walsh attained the chairmanship of this powerful Senate committee through seniority—i.e., length of service in the Senate. That is how Robert Reynolds of North Carolina got to head the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Reynolds is known as a pro-fascist from way back. He recently sponsored anti-Semite Gerald L. K. Smith's publication, "The Cross and the Flag," which follows a line for which "Social Justice" was finally banned. Walsh and Reynolds, through their chairmanships, are privy to military information which can be of great help to the enemy. No men with their political records should be permitted even to remain in the Senate.*

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of the things that had happened is that the House Ways and Means Committee whittled down the Treasury's proposals for taxes on corporations by about $800,000,000. The committee's proposed 94 percent excess profits tax is only a show window. Its glitter aims to obscure from voters the fact that the committee reduced the Treasury's request for a thirty-one percent corporate surtax to sixteen percent and modified the basis for calculating excess profits so as to make an already bad method even worse. That the Ways and Means Committee, which is loaded with saboteurs of the President's program, has managed to have the national interest get lost in the shuffle is not surprising. And it's no secret that quite a number of those gentlemen are aching for a sales tax. But why should the Treasury play into their hands with a proposal that clearly violates the principle of equality of sacrifice which President Roosevelt emphasized in his message to Congress?

It may, of course, be necessary to increase the individual surtax rates beyond the point requested by Secretary Morgenthau on March 3. But at least an equal firmness ought to be shown regarding corporation taxes. And at any rate, it should be possible to achieve the desired goal without taking from those who already have so little. This is all the more necessary in view of the fact that a large part of the proposed two billions extra to be derived from social security taxes will come from wage-earners, including those with the lowest pay.

Looking Ahead

IT'S provident and patriotic, says the War Production Board, to fill up the coal bins now for next winter. For when that season arrives, weather transportation problems and the fuel oil situation on the East Coast will make it very difficult to obtain coal in sufficient quantities. Consumers have been warned by Joseph Eastman, director of Defense Transportation, that 350,000 tons of soft coal must be moved each week for the rest of 1942. To make the buying of the fuel easier now, the WPB has informed retail coal dealers that they can get financial assistance from the RFC or local banks, to purchase coal for shipment from the mines before August 1. This latest action of the WPB has meaning beyond its immediate effect on the coal situation. We think it will reassure and hearten America's civilian fighters to realize that the government is exercising foresight about possible shortages.

And now gasoline rationing has been set in motion, clarifying a somewhat confusing situation arising out of conflicting statements from Washington. The allotments are reasonable and fair. First of all, they apply only to those seventeen Atlantic Coast states where there are shortages because of insufficient facilities to transport gasoline, and oil from which gasoline is made, from the fields of production. In those states (except for certain exempted areas), non-essential motorists receive three gallons a week. People who must use their cars to get to work receive varying amounts according to their daily mileage. And essential motorists (doctors, nurses, etc.) get whatever they require.

Doubtless this will cut down on the joy-riding (as is intended) and will work some hardship here and there. The cruelest effect, however, will not be felt anywhere in America, but in the Axis countries. For every gallon of gas eliminated from civilian consumption goes to fuel our ships, tanks, and planes.

THE WEEK in LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

The Fuel Rationing Debate

(By cable.)

WE ARE in the middle of a debate on fuel rationing which certainly is going to last until June 1, when the government scheme, whatever it finally turns out to be, comes into operation, and probably long after that. In fact, the debate on the coal position which will occupy the public mind after the introduction of the fuel rationing is likely to prove more important and far-reaching than the discussions now in progress. And that is just why the most important interests of the coal, electricity, and gas business in Britain have been and are putting on remarkable anti-governmental agitation against the fuel rationing. Because when you get right down to it, rationing of any sort of commodity brings the whole consumer public, including a large stratum of the least politically minded public, slap up against the real problems of a national war economy—all the way from production to distribution.

Put it this way. Until now the only time the British consumer has taken a vivid interest in the problems of our coal mining industry has been when conditions there reached a point where the miners felt compelled to strike. Now, and more so in the future, we are in a situation where everybody will be asking searching questions about the organization of the mining industry, pay received by miners, whether pay couldn't be raised for such a vital, dangerous job, whether the tangle of individual property interests in the mines is really most conducive to full war production.

Very few people, outside those newspapers which have taken alarm from what is conceived as a potential threat to the huge interests, are expressing opposition to the fuel rationing. Everybody knows it's going to be an abominable nuisance. Everybody suspects it won't work out quite as perfectly in the sense of "equality of sacrifice" as the government planners say it will. But on the other hand, everybody can see that even if coal production could be raised by a large amount, that certainly won't do much to meet the immediate needs of the expanding war industry unless there is rationing of domestic fuel.

During the past few days I've heard government supporters complain bitterly of the attitude of the coal owners and the great distributive interests. These interests seem to be more concerned with their own alleged "rights"—and above all with the avoidance of the principle of governmental control of their industry from production to distribution—than they are with the immediate needs of the war effort. Opposition to rationing from workers comes not as opposition to rationing in principle, but out of fear based on past experience that sufficient attention won't be paid to special workers' needs. Working class housewives, for example, want to know whether the Beveridge-Dalton plan takes account of the fact that huge numbers of workers live some distance from their plants and work the early shift. These housewives have to burn lights most months of the year from the moment of getting up to the moment their families depart for work. Fires have to be lit around dawn and it is a big job for a housewife to have to let the fire go out and then relight it at the intervals when needed. This, of course, is not a very serious problem in the relatively modern house with full gas-cooking equipment. But it is a common problem in many working class areas in north Britain and particularly in London where a very large number of workers live in cheap converted basements of former large houses broken up into flats.

And these are only two or three samples of the enormous number of intricate problems. I said workers' fears "based on past experiences." It would be a mistake to take this to mean that, so far, rationing has worked more unfairly for the workers than things would have worked out without rationing. But it is also true that rationing hasn't precisely worked out as a means of ensuring total "equality of sacrifice" in those commodities to which rationing applies. The greatest friction around rationing provisions has resulted from insufficiently wide and vigorous worker representation on the bodies which decide rationing methods and which supervise them in practice.

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More on Steinbeck

To New Masses: I believe that serious injustice is done to a good many books because neither the reader nor the reviewer inquires into the author's real intention. If, for example, an author wishes to describe a beefsteak, it is useless to reproach him for not having described a strawberry shortcake.

In *The Moon Is Down,* John Steinbeck is consciously striving for the simplicity and universality which are the keynote of his little book. The technique of the work reminds one of the technique of certain contemporary American painters, Grant Wood, for example. To us Europeans this technique of Steinbeck and of Grant Wood, a large, clear, simple, stranght-line technique, seems in a new and good sense American.

I consider it an advantage that the book is not naturalistic. The total effect emerges all the more realistically by the author's avoiding individual details, just as the picture of a mountain range stands out more clearly from a distance. What Steinbeck obviously wishes to portray is the ever deepening hatred of the oppressed and the ever deepening fear of the oppressors. For that, it seems to me, his simplifying technique is more appropriate than any other. Steinbeck has succeeded in making real this fear which physically envelops the conquerors until they feel like flies on flypaper; he has succeeded in making this elusive and lurking fear so palpable that the reader touches and tastes it. The effect recalls certain of Goya's drawings.

And herein, I think, lies the book's strongest propaganda value. To dictate to Steinbeck the creator that he should have portrayed the Nazis as beasts seems to me an undue interference with the creative process. He has portrayed the bestiality of Nazism. That seems to me technically more difficult and artistically more valuable. In addition, it is more effective as propaganda. The style of the work would have been impaired if he had treated it differently.

If Steinbeck, as his critics demand of him, had depicted a menagerie of Nazi beasts, he might perhaps have achieved a powerful momentary effect, but merely added another book to the thousand and one already written. Hence, his book, by showing the total impact of Nazi bestiality, gives a very strong impression of the menace inherent in Nazism. *The Moon Is Down* creates hate, not disgust, in the reader. At the same time, however, since it portrays, better than any previous book, the physical fear which constantly dogs the Nazis, it inspires deep confidence in the reader that these fear-ridden creatures will very soon give way to the pressures surrounding them.

Lion Feuchtwanger.

Los Angeles.

Help Them Now

To New Masses: Of the sixty-odd exiled anti-Nazi authors whom the Exiled Writers Committee helped bring to this hemisphere, twenty-five still look to us for support while they search for work and for markets for their writing. We have provided their food and lodging since they arrived, but *we have no money for them next month* unless you come to their rescue again.

So that you may know for whom your money is needed and what the immediate requirements are, I list the following from among the many Czech, Italian, Jugoslav, and German writers in Mexico and New York:

Anna Seghers:—Foremost German woman novelist, winner of the Kleist Prize for her novel, *Revolt of the Fishermen.* Her new book will soon be published here by Little Brown and Co. She needs seventy-five dollars a month to support herself and two children in Mexico.

Egon Erwin Kisch:—Famous Czech "roving reporter," author of many best sellers and of the recently published *Sensation Fair.* He needs sixty dollars a month to support himself and his wife.

Paul Westheim:—Noted German art critic who recently arrived in Mexico with sight of one eye lost as result of two years in unoccupied France. He needs one hundred dollars to save sight of other eye.

Ludwig Renn:—Military expert, well known author, and former chief-of-staff in International Brigades in Spain, who is without a job in Mexico. He needs thirty dollars a month.

Bruno Frei:—Austrian journalist, author of the biography of Hanussen, Hitler's magician, and an editor of *Freies Deutschland* in Mexico. He needs thirty dollars a month.

Aladar Tamas:—Noted Hungarian writer, member of Pen Club, former editor of the literary anti-Nazi magazine *100%* in Hungary. He needs sixty dollars a month to support himself and wife.

Theo Balk:—Jugoslav writer and physician, author of books on racial theory, the Saar, and the Nazi fifth column. Served as a surgeon with the International Brigades in Spain. He needs sixty dollars a month to support himself and his wife.

Of course, these men and women are making every effort to become self-supporting. Some of the best writers of Europe are working as shipping clerks, printers' helpers; their wives work as domestic servants, dressmakers. But the work is uncertain, poorly paid, and they have families to feed, ill health to care for.

So I write to you, remembering how American writers sent these same European colleagues food when they were starving in France; how they helped purchase their safety from the Gestapo by buying their passages to the new world; how they rescued their talent so they can now contribute to our war effort. This month, *unless you help them again,* these exiled writers cannot pay their rent nor buy food, let alone finish their manuscripts or participate in anti-Nazi work. Why did we save their lives if we fail them now?

Dashiell Hammett,
Chairman, Exiled Writers Committee,
381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Everybody's Job

To New Masses: New Masses is to be complimented on printing the letter "I Have No Right to Be Out of Job" (New Masses, April 7) which so ably poses the question now worrying ever larger sections of the white-collar groups. My first reaction was that when this serious problem can be put forth in such a vigorous manner demanding a quick solution, we are going to solve it.

The problem of the disemployment of white-collar men and women and small business men is naturally a question that goes beyond the limits of trade unionism. However, I am confident that the American Labor Movement will help solve this problem which indicates that the small businessman and his employees now feel the need of unity for their mutual protection and the need of reliance upon Organized Labor.

To me the question of this growing disemployment is not just the question of a new war baby. Deep-going changes are taking place in our economic life. This problem of disemployment hits not only those who are engaged in selling, in small business endeavors and in the services; it is beginning to reach into basic industry itself.

We in the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians are beginning to feel similar effects, not only in those sections of industry such as building construction which may be sharply curtailed by the war, but even in basic fields of chemistry and machine building. It has been natural for big industrial enterprises to maintain research and development laboratories. There are over 2,000 such laboratories in the United States and upward of 70,000 technical and research workers involved. Is their research work productive? Is their research work needed for the war eoffrt?

The answer is that in the past the major part of this research work has been of a competitive nature, Standard Oil trying to copy the products of Shell Oil, Shell Oil of Standard Oil, not to mention Gulf, Texaco, Tidewater, and a host of other oil companies. This has been considered good business in the past, but no one in their senses would dig up a neighbor's sewer pipe in order to find out how to lay his own; yet much of the nation's research is being carried out by such methods. There is no question but that war needs is going to crack down and bring to a halt this type of research.

I for one can foresee a situation very soon where these highly trained men of science will be thrown out of work at a time when there will be a burning need for utilizing every scientific talent and ability for helping in what is the greatest war of science, the war of the United Nations against the barbarous Axis.

It would seem to me that here is a problem of gigantic proportions and one that may multiply in scope, magnitude, and seriousness and it just can't be left hanging in the air.

In the case of many affected we will need a program of reeducation and retraining in order to fit the men and women into jobs that are needed for the war effort. Joseph T. Gordon in his letter indicated some of the steps that are necessary. As I recall the WPA program, American ingenuity in time of crises developed a new program and initiated projects which were of great benefit to the nation and at the same time utilized the work of millions who had become disemployed. This despite the lies and slanders of poll tax congressmen, smart columnists and embittered editorial writers.

What is needed now is an approach to a program of retraining that will be even bolder than the WPA program. We might well think of a White-Collar and Business Council to tackle this problem and to see to it that Washington will give quick and serious consideration to all proposals brought forth to keep all of our loyal American workers at work at a time when more energy, more effort and more work is needed to out-produce and to smash the enemies of our country. We have the ingenuity to do this and I am confident that the CIO unions will again rise to the fore and show that their interests are the interests of the great mass of the common people of America.

Marcel Scherer,
President, Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians.

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BOOKS and PEOPLE by SAMUEL SILLEN

BATTLE IN SEARCH OF A HYMN

Looking for a first rate war song that will live up to our singing heritage. It's time to bridge the gulf between poet and songwriter.

WHY don't we have a top notch war song? Not for lack of trying, surely. The air waves are jammed with topical ditties which are forgotten as quickly as they are composed. And that is record speed. Before the smoke had lifted over Pearl Harbor, Tin Pan Alley was tossing off "Don't Be a Sap, Mr. Jap" and "Goodbye Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama." I see by the papers that we are soon to be inspired by "Little Bo Peep Has Lost Her Jeep," "Keep the Jeeps A-Jumpin'," "Six Jerks and a Jeep," and enough others of the type to give us the jeepers creepers every time we turn the dial. Kate Smith is throwing kisses into a glamorous ocean hastily confected by Irving Berlin; the boys on Broadway are admonishing American womanhood not to sit under the apple tree with strangers; and "We Did It Before" conveys the pleasant assurance that we can do it again with one arm behind our back.

But this heroic effort has been all in vain. People still want to know why we don't have a *good* war song. And by good they mean something that will say what's on their minds and hearts. This is their war, and the songs ought to be theirs too. Tears are real; there's no need for the old glycerine jar. We want songs, not corn. Songs that make us burn with hate against the fascist enemy. Songs that make us cheer the heroism of our armed forces. Songs of dignity and hope and courage. Fighting songs that rouse and rally. Songs that celebrate our great allies.

Americans were not satisfied with anything less in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Civil War. "One good song is worth a dozen addresses or proclamations." That line is just as true today as it was when Joel Barlow wrote it in the days of '76. Barlow, the patriot poet, was a member of our Revolutionary Army. Like John Dickinson, Philip Freneau, Francis Hopkinson, and other poets, he penned the songs that expressed the soul of a nation engaged in a war of freedom. And the people responded without benefit of plugs by big name bands.

"From Concord to Yorktown," writes a biographer of Philip Freneau, "during the bleak winter at Valley Forge, and round the camp-fires of Temple Hill, his verses encouraged the desponding soldiers. The newspapers widely published them, and they were written on slips of paper and distributed throughout the army, or posted in some conspicuous place to be memorized. And not alone by the camp-fire did they accomplish their work, but even on the field; his earnestness and zeal encouraged the patriots to greater efforts, or urged them on at the point of his bayonet (the pen) when he saw any signs of their lagging behind; and afterward he immortalized the victories they won. Not a memorable incident either by land or by water escaped his ever watchful and unwearied pen."

If you want to get a real lift, go back to John Dickinson's "American Liberty Song," the chant of that militant people's organization, the Sons of Liberty. Every man, woman, and child took its words to heart:

Come join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call. . . .

Or go back to some of the Boston songs that asked the citizens to avoid tea like the plague. Their satire still bites.

The tradition of our Navy is particularly rich in this respect, as one may gather by consulting some of the old song collections, like *The Eagle and the Harp* (1812) or *Columbia's Naval Triumphs* (1813). Moses Coit Tyler's two-volume classic, *The Literary History of the American Revolution,* and Frank Moore's *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution* will give you a sense of our singing heritage. A more recent work like Philip Davidson's *Propaganda and the American Revolution* will convince you that the patriots knew how to stir people up for victory.

Freneau's naval ballads were published as broadsides and sold at every port. Men aboard ship would reel off impromptu verses or add their own stanzas to well known songs. If new music was not available, Yankee Doodle was a good enough tune to work on. Sometimes it is a boatswain's mate, like James Campbell of the *Constitution,* who composes a song that takes hold. Sometimes it is a member of the crew whose name was never recorded. One of the best known naval songs of the Revolutionary War was written by the musician and poet Francis Hopkinson. "The Battle of the Kegs" celebrates, in a satirical vein, the confusion of Lord Howe and his troops at Philadelphia when the Americans floated kegs with powder down the Delaware River. The episode of these improvised "mines," as we would now call them, was well known in Washington's army, and Surgeon Thacher of the army staff records the delight afforded by the drum and fife accompaniment to the "Battle of Kegs" when sung by a group of gentlemen.

The words of a song like "Hail Columbia" resound to this day:

Immortal Patriots! rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore,
Let no rude foe with impious hand
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well earn'd prize.

And its thundering pledge

That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail—
Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty. . . .

Nor were the civilians neglected by the Revolutionary songsters. In "The Old Man's Song" there is a tribute to the patriot women who, as Edmund Burke once said, "stripped the blankets, in the freezing season, from themselves and their infants, to send to the camp, and preserve that army which had gone out to fight for their liberty." The song goes in part:

Boy, fill me a bumper! as long as I live,
The patriot fair for my toast must I give;
Here's a health to the sex of every degree,
Where sweetness and beauty with firmness agree. . . .
Already I see sulky George in despair,
Should he vanquish the men, to vanquish the fair.

There is similar spirit in the songs celebrating the deeds of Marion's guerrilla fighters in the swamplands.

Everyone remembers the songs of the Civil War: "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tramp Tramp Tramp the Boys Are Marching," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and many others. There are rousing stories of what these songs meant to our fighters. "John Brown's Body," for example, was enormously popular and existed in quite a few versions. It was written, like "Battle Hymn of the Republic," to an old Negro melody. There is an unforgettable story of how 600 Negro troops at Poison Springs, Ark., formed a

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mighty chorus and marched into battle with the song—their song—on their lips. "We Are Coming, Father Abraham" was written by an Abolitionist named Gibbons. It first appeared in William Cullen Bryant's New York *Post* as an answer to Lincoln's call for 300,000 volunteers. Set to music by at least a half dozen composers, including Stephen Foster, it took the land by storm. And the same is true of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn," which, according to legend, remained relatively obscure until an army chaplain returned from a southern prison and told the country how he and his comrades had buoyed up their spirits by singing it in jail.

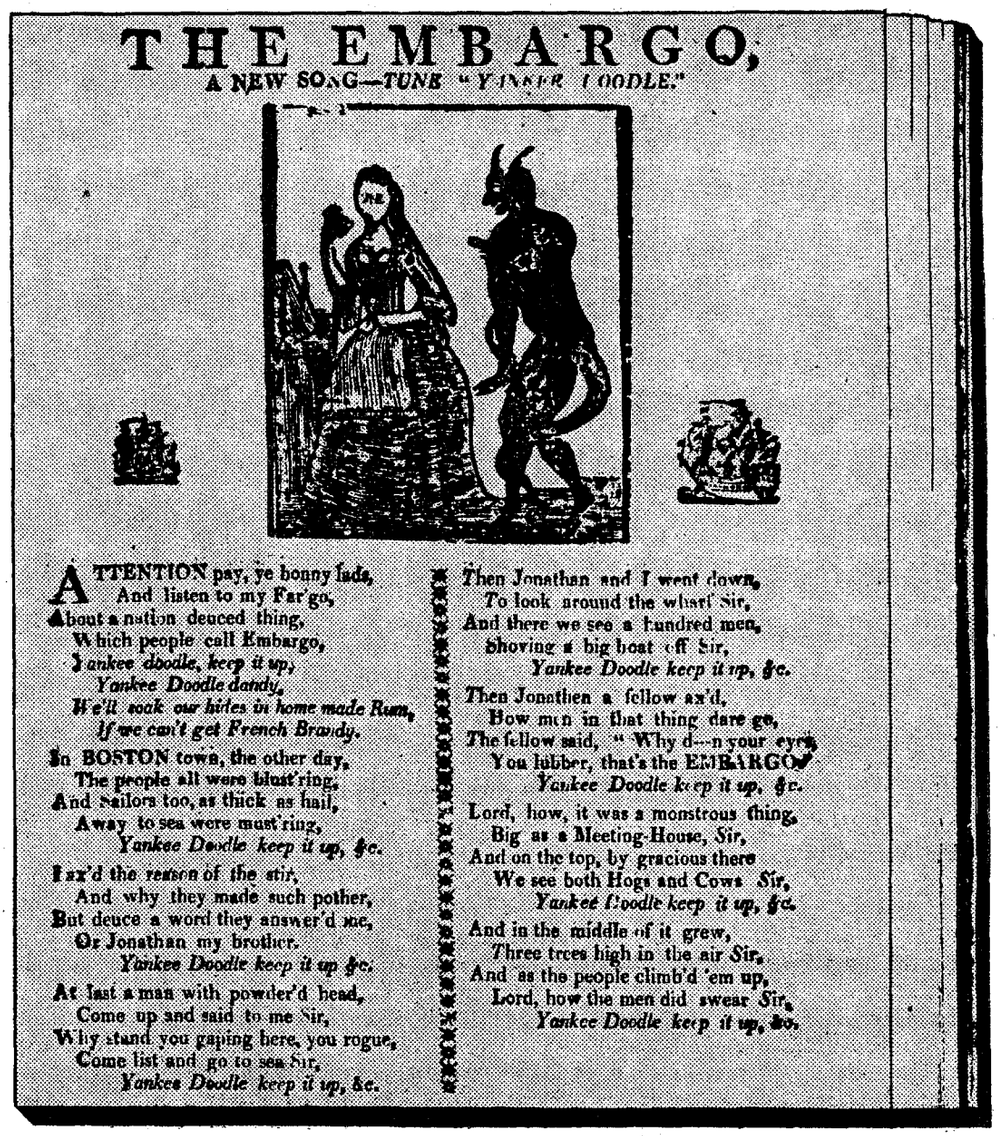
May we not learn some lessons from these songs of our earlier liberation wars? One impressive fact is that there was no gulf between the "poet" and the "songwriter." Our best poets—including Emerson, Bryant, Freneau—contributed to these songs. Our contemporary poets would do well to recall this tradition—for that matter let them remember Robert Burns or Heinrich Heine, Pushkin or Bjornson. There is every reason today why our poets should work together with our musicians in a fraternal relationship that has unhappily been absent in the recent past. That is exactly what is happening in the Soviet Union or in China. A Chinese poet, Feng Naichao, proclaims:

Let poems be read by hawkers, washerwomen and peasants!
Poetry shall grow among them.
Let our voice be heard; and let them join in our singing
In their own language, the language of liberation.

The conception of the poet as singer must be revitalized. It is inspiring to hear Paul Robeson sing Blake's "Jerusalem" or, to move to our own time, "Ballad for Americans." If I were a poet I'd give anything to write a song that could be transmitted by that beautiful voice to the American people.

The poet, if he is truly a poet, can come closer to the heart of this nation than the average Tin Pan Alley lyricist. The people are sick and tired of jerks and jeeps and oceanic caresses. Tin Pan Alley: business-as-usual with a few "war angles" tossed in. The poets: business-as-usual with perhaps an even greater twinge of conscience and sense of isolation than before. The record of our singing past shows that the best songs and the most popular ones were alive with passion and clarity. The will to victory was in them. The life of the people was in them. They quickened the heartbeat of a nation. And if we do not as yet have such songs in this war, it is because no one, neither the poet nor the lyricist, neither the "serious composer" nor the "commercial artist," has really expressed what the people think and what the people feel. We don't want platitudes and we don't want preciousness. We want a song. We want a song that has *us* in it.

SAMUEL SILLEN.



THE EMBARGO,

A NEW SONG—TUNE "YANKEE DOODLE."

ATTENTION pay, ye bonny lads,
And listen to my Far'go,
About a nation deuced thing,
Which people call Embargo,
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
We'll soak our hides in home made Rum,
If we can't get French Brandy.

In BOSTON town, the other day,
The people all were blust'ring,
And sailors too, as thick as hail,
Away to sea were must'ring,
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

I ax'd the reason of the stir,
And why they made such pother,
But deuce a word they answer'd me,
Or Jonathan my brother.
Yankee Doodle keep it up &c.

At last a man with powder'd head,
Come up and said to me Sir,
Why stand you gaping here, you rogue,
Come list and go to sea Sir,
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

Then Jonathan and I went down,
To look around the wharf Sir,
And there we see a hundred men,
Shoving a big boat off Sir,
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

Then Jonathan a fellow ax'd,
How men in that thing dare go,
The fellow said, "Why d—n your eyes,
You lubber, that's the EMBARGO"
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

Lord, how, it was a monstrous thing,
Big as a Meeting-House, Sir,
And on the top, by gracious there
We see both Hogs and Cows Sir,
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

And in the middle of it grew,
Three trees high in the air Sir,
And as the people climb'd 'em up,
Lord, how the men did swear Sir,
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

These verses from "The Embargo" illustrate the widespread use of song in the political controversies of an earlier period. It is one of many popular songs composed at the time of the Embargo Act of Dec. 22, 1807, limiting commerce with foreign powers. The original broadside is in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Prophet's Diary

THEY CALLED ME CASSANDRA, *by Genevieve Tabouis. Scribner's. $3.*

ONE of the best lines in this book is Anthony Eden's *bon mot* about Pierre Laval, the same gentleman whom Herr Hitler has just appointed receiver for the firm of Petain & Cie, Vichy France. It was at Geneva, in the fall of 1935, that Eden told Mme. Tabouis: "You cannot trust a man whose name can be read both ways L-A-V-A-L."

These memoirs are full of such spry comments, and sometimes more acid ones on the dignitaries, journalists, countesses, salon-loungers, Cabinet Ministers, and traitors of France's fatal pre-war years. To tell the truth, I feared it would not be much more than that, not more than anecdotes, amusing tales and gossip. To be sure, there is a great deal of that here. But there is also something more. There is a testimony of a brave Frenchwoman, who though an aristocrat by birth and training nevertheless has realized that the future of France lies with her common people and their great revolutionary tradition. There can be no France as a fascist satellite; only a free France can remain a nation among nations—it is this conviction which gives the book more than a passing importance.

So I was curious, and sought out the author at the offices of *Pour La Victoire*. That is the weekly newspaper which Mme. Tabouis recently founded, and which has already become a meeting ground for the most earnest elements of the French emigration in this country. They called Mme. Tabouis Cassandra

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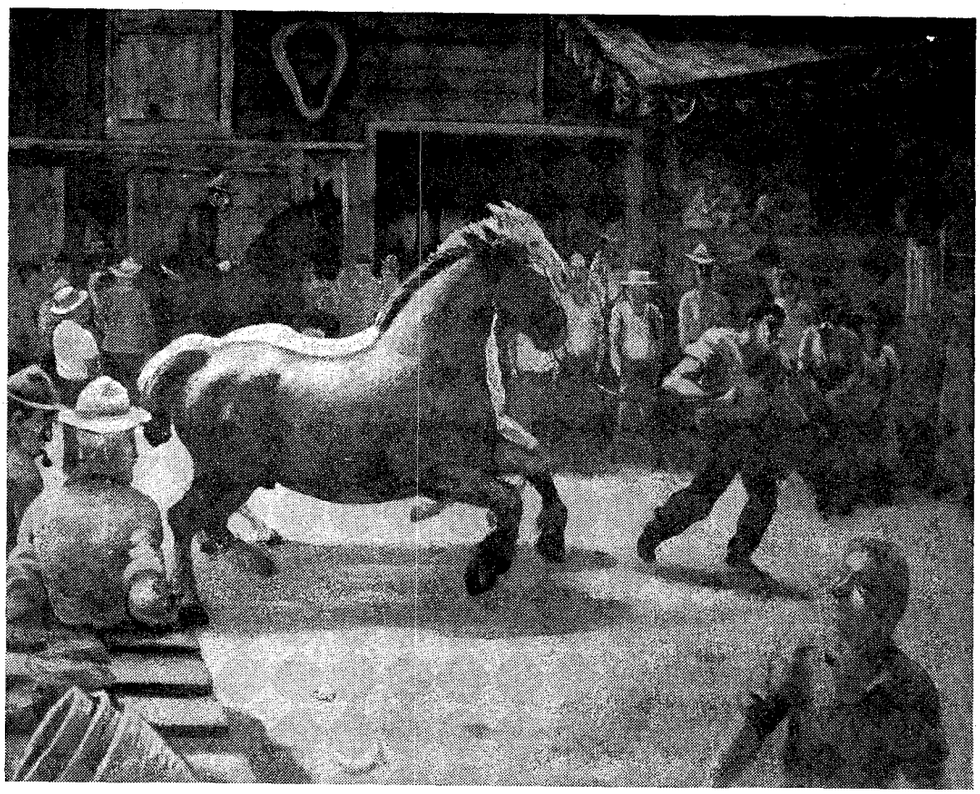

Louis Ribak's "Horse Auction"—one of his paintings on exhibition at the ACA Gallery in New York City.

and as we sat in the fashionable restaurant, with the heavy brown wooden stalls and the potted palms, I tried to visualize what the Cassandra of Æschylus would have looked like, or the pitifully betrayed Cassandra standing alone on the parapet in front of Agamemnon's palace in Robinson Jeffers' powerful version of the Greek legend.

Mme. Tabouis doesn't look like any of the Cassandras you might imagine. She is of frail build, wore a brown fur thrown over her shoulders in debonair fashion. Her grey hair, her skin of ashen-white, and the thin, sharp nose contrive to give the impression of an extremely rare piece of china. Tight lips, incredibly sad, the effect of which is broken by a generous smile.

The last time Mme. Tabouis came to the United States was with Edouard Herriot, about ten years ago. "My only thoughts then," she said, "were of parties, innumerable parties and gowns. A vanished world, a vanished world." Today she finds the United States much different. Talking to American audiences up and down the land she is impressed with the power and promise of America, the America she didn't see a decade ago. "But I am frank to tell you," she said, pointing her fork, "America has a fifth column. Very bad. I see it everywhere. I feel it. You American people must learn from France, and quickly."

I was impressed with the "vanished world" motif in Mme. Tabouis' conversation. Before she went in for political writing, and became the internationaly famous foreign editor of *L'Oeuvre* (the circulation bounded up to 500,000), Mme. Tabouis had studied archeology, or was it Egyptology? She published a couple of volumes about it, a very popular one on King Tut. All during the luncheon I had meant to ask about it, but somehow amid the talk it slipped my mind. She had a lot to say about Vichy, predicted as a matter of fact that Laval would come back (although on American policy toward Vichy she naturally was very discreet). The impact of the Red Army's victories on France? Yes, very important she thought, for after all, the left is a force in France, the alliance with Russia for which she fought, was after all the natural alliance for France. And since after all, the "colonies are lost, we shall never see them again the way they were," all the more reason for Frenchmen to look for victory within themselves and their European allies. Nevertheless, the immediate future would be difficult, as she saw it, a difficult struggle with the Germans despite all that the Russians have done so well.

And so the subject of Egypt never arose. But that is really what her book is: a sort of "Egyptological" view of France, the recollections of a vanished world. It is richest in its treatment of the twenties; there is a great deal in it about Briand and Stresemann and the halcyon days of Geneva, a period which our generation knows least about. As a niece of the famous Cambons, the greate diplomats of modern France, Mme. Tabouis had access not only to France's diplomatic tradition but to all the personalities of French and European politics. The book is somewhat thinner on the thirties. She admits frankly that she was mistaken about Bonnet; thought he was a patriot but he turned out to be one of the real architects of Munich. In the thirties, her sympathies were increasingly for the Russian alliance, for a strong policy, and therefore with the left. And she has the courage in this volume to pay her respects to two Frenchmen whom Hitler recently murdered: Lucien Sampaix, the journalist who exposed the Cagoulard fifth column in *L'Humanite*, and the unforgettable Gabriel Peri.

As we left the restaurant, sort of halfway across a busy street, Mme. Tabouis remarked: "So you like my book? It is what you would call 'healthy,' eh?" It was a strange word, and for the moment I did not like it. For there is so much in the volume that reeks of the festering corruption, the livid treachery in France, an unhealthy milieu if there ever was one, in which the author moved and worked. And yet there *is* a healthy streak in it. Mme. Tabouis is a Cassandra who has seen her prophecies fulfilled. Much of her perspective has been and remains toward the past. But unlike the Cassandra of the legend, she has lived into a new day, and knows that in fighting for it, she is fulfilling her duty to the France of the future.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

Battle Record

HISTORY OF LEGISLATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF COAL MINERS IN PENNSYLVANIA, *by Alexander Trachtenberg. International Publishers. $2.*

COAL mining is still a peculiarly dramatic and hazardous section of our economic life. And historically miners were among the first to organize and fight for better conditions on the job and a certain measure of legal protection against the greed of corporations.

It is good that Alexander Trachtenberg's graduate thesis on the history of coal mine legislation has at last been made available. For the story of how miners have advanced from the unrestricted perils of the 1840's to reasonable, and even scientific, standards of mine construction, mining equipment, and government inspection is full of adventure and heroism and sacrifice and organized persistence.

Every step of the long road has been won through struggle and disaster. And this record—scholarly and factual—is presented with warmth and liveliness of style. Although it is focused primarily on the conditions under which miners were compelled to work and the details which were gradually standardized and regulated, this is no mere handbook of legislative progress but a truly vivid and important part of American working class history.

Trachtenberg's story ends in 1915. The miners no longer have to fight for the right to organize. But the battle for genuine safety is not yet won. Serious mining disasters have occurred since the first world war in Pennsylvania and other mine fields. Barely three months ago a preventable explosion killed thirty-four miners in Colorado. And accidents,

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"major" and "minor," still account for over 1,200 coal mine deaths every year. This historical record richly illuminates problems which the mining industry has not yet solved.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

Graveyard as Schoolroom

EDUCATION FOR DEATH, *by Gregor Ziemer. Oxford. $2.*

WHAT makes a Nazi? This firsthand account of Nazi education supplies a vivid if incomplete answer. It is not a basic analysis of Nazi education seen in relation to the whole Nazi regime and its functioning; but it does describe the various phases of the educational setup from direct observation.

The author begins with a description of a virulent assault on the children of the American School in Berlin, of which he was then director. A jagged stone hit its mark; there were exclamations against the "Jews" and "meddlesome foreigners." Across the street was a squad of boys under ten years of age. And their own school director calmly replied to Mr. Ziemer's questions: "You would not expect me to stop a *spontaneous popular demonstration,* would you? Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be allowed to do it."

Thus began the author's journey through the dread wastes of the Nazi educational apparatus, a system that reaches into the life of the growing child far more pervasively than any other, an interlocking series of organizations that takes hold of him before he is six, and holds him clamped in its grip from then on. First the *Pimpf,* for boys up to ten; then the *Jungvolk,* from ten to fourteen; and then the Hitler *Jugend,* up to eighteen. And then? From there on, the whole world now knows the barbaric story.

Every teacher the author questioned knew what he was expected to do. Had not the official Manual of Instruction told him that his job was "to fashion and mold the National Socialist being according to Party orders"? and what did this mean? The "true Nazi" is trained *to die.* This was the constant theme—it relentlessly appeared in the education of both boys and girls, and at every age-level. The favorite song of the *Jungmaedel,* who ranged from six to fourteen, was one which ran, in part:

You will have to learn that happiness and bliss
You can only earn
If you bleed and die, and leave your life behind.

And the nine-year-old boy who had had to march for his initiation into the *Jungvolk,* and had fallen ill with pneumonia as a result, shouted in his delirium, " 'Let me die for Hitler. I *must* die for Hitler.' Over and over, pleading, accusing, beseeching, fighting against life. . . ."

The chief weakness of this book is that the author offers no fundamental answer to the question which he asked himself as he left that scene: "What is this strange ideol-

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ogy that can even pervert instincts?" For it is not enough to know that the background of the child's delirium may well have included a song-feat such as Mr. Ziemer describes—where for one solid hour little boys sang "not one single song expressing any tender emotion. . . ." The Nazi youth is not prepared for the death of renunciation, of turning away from the world—but for a death of violence, the inevitable future of those who set themselves on a path of endless destruction. We need to know far more than Mr. Ziemer has told us to understand fully the whole social atmosphere and objectives from which such training emerges. But we can make good use of the specific material which is presented here.

JOHN BROOKS.

Partisan's Manual

GUERRILLA WARFARE, *by Bert Levy. Penguin Books. 25c.*

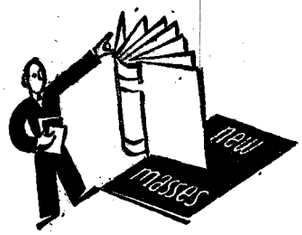
THIS excellent handbook was written by a Canadian soldier who fought in Spain, and it comprises one of the first popular treatments of an aspect of warfare in general that has come into greater prominence since June 22, 1941.

Guerrilla warfare is a time-honored tactic, but it has not been understood by the layman until recently. Too many people (military men as well) still think of it as "irregular" warfare; it has rarely been irregular in the sense generally used—haphazard, uncoordinated. Today on the Eastern Front, in China, on the Philippine Islands, partisan warfare (a better term) has come into its own—as a carefully organized arm of the regular combat forces.

Bert Levy starts with a brief history of partisan warfare, beginning 900 years ago with the Welsh resistance to William the Conqueror, and coming down through other great guerrilla operations under Robert the Bruce (fourteenth century), American Indian fighting and the behind-the-lines activity of Spanish guerrillas against Napoleon, the American Revolution, the retreat from Moscow in 1812, down to Spain, China, and the present war.

Most of the book deals with ways and means of conducting this type of war, which the author correctly evaluates as auxiliary to a major striking force. Its importance, however, in helping such a striking force win a war, cannot be underestimated, for partisan warfare is now directly coordinated with the necessities of the main command, and is frequently timed to meet the requirements of the main strategy. That has been apparent in many of the Red Army's moves.

"There are ways open to us," writes Levy, "which are closed to the Nazis. For we are men of democratic tradition, fighting for freedom, and guerrilla warfare is essentially the weapon of free men—a guerrilla band functioning efficiently under compulsion is inconceivable. . . . Free men, hating oppression, with freedom of initiative and arms in their hands—these make the ideal guerrillas."



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This is an important point; for the existence of regular bodies of partisan troops is almost the proof of the existence of democracy. Only a free country can afford to arm its civil population. The innumerable partisan bands throughout occupied Europe, with the assistance of major striking force on two fronts would encompass the defeat of Hitlerism in 1942.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Small Man's Saga

SAM SMALL FLIES AGAIN, *by Eric Knight. Harper & Bros. $2.50.*

ALTHOUGH the current volume of Sam Small's adventures is the work of one author, the stories themselves have all the earmarks of tales told for generations before the fire on a windy night.

They are, for instance, tall stories: witness Sam's flying, and getting mixed up with dogs that can talk and turn into girls, and the time he became two of himself, and the other time that he turned into Rudolf Hess' double and saved England from invasion by flying again. They're stories about the little man: in spite of his memorable exploits, Sam remains just another chubby, middle-aged, backbone-of-the-nation sort of lad, fond of his wife, resentful of her efforts to domesticate him, forced to maintain his position as village sage by hurried consultations with the schoolmaster, and just a little—er—lonesome when he has to patrol fifteen miles of moor as a Special Constable. All the stories, even when they're not about Sam, display a fine vein of what, in this country, would be called plumb cussedness.

The stories, except in their details, can never be said to be realism. Sam at one time worked in a mine, and he was foreman in a mill when he invented the Small Self-Doffing Spindle, but we never hear a word about that. And it really doesn't matter. The stories are part of an idea at least one section of the British people has of itself, and if they go to bat when needed as well as Sam does, all of us can take heart. These tales are champion fun.

SALLY ALFORD.

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NATIVE LAND

Joy Davidman in a round of applause for the direction and technique of Frontier Films' first feature production. Why it needs a sequel.

TO APPRAISE *Native Land* adequately, a reviewer needs to be reeducated. Nothing in the recent history of the American screen has prepared us for camera work of such power and beauty, for the unadorned impact of the emotional scenes, for the feel of American land and American people conveyed in a few lyrical and apparently simple shots. The integration of camera, commentator, and music in this film at the World Theater in New York is something new too. In its basic form and technique *Native Land* is pioneer work, revealing the possibilities of the screen. And, in its use of the daily life of the United States for material, it has the salty vigor of Sandburg's *The People, Yes,* as if that great poem had been translated into a great film.

The technical achievement of *Native Land,* indeed, tends almost to overshadow even its significant content. The story of America's fight for civil liberties is passionately told; yet what remains in the memory most vividly is likely to be Paul Strand's miraculous camera. The individual shots are extraordinarily beautiful, not with the easy, conventional photographic beauty of sunsets and flowers, but with the beauty of high art; a tree or a Greek column, a statue, a flag or a girl washing windows, the misty sweep of mountains or the naked splendor of machinery are all observed and interpreted by the camera as only creative art can interpret. But still more unusual is the way in which camera material is combined. The continually moving, active lens puts together the sea beaches and the graves of America, the wheat fields and the airplane, the great trunk of the column and the great column of a tree in such a way that we literally see America emerging from the wilderness. Three hundred years of history are in one such comparison. And the faces of the people are unadorned, unsentimentalized American faces. They are not pretty; they are beautiful.

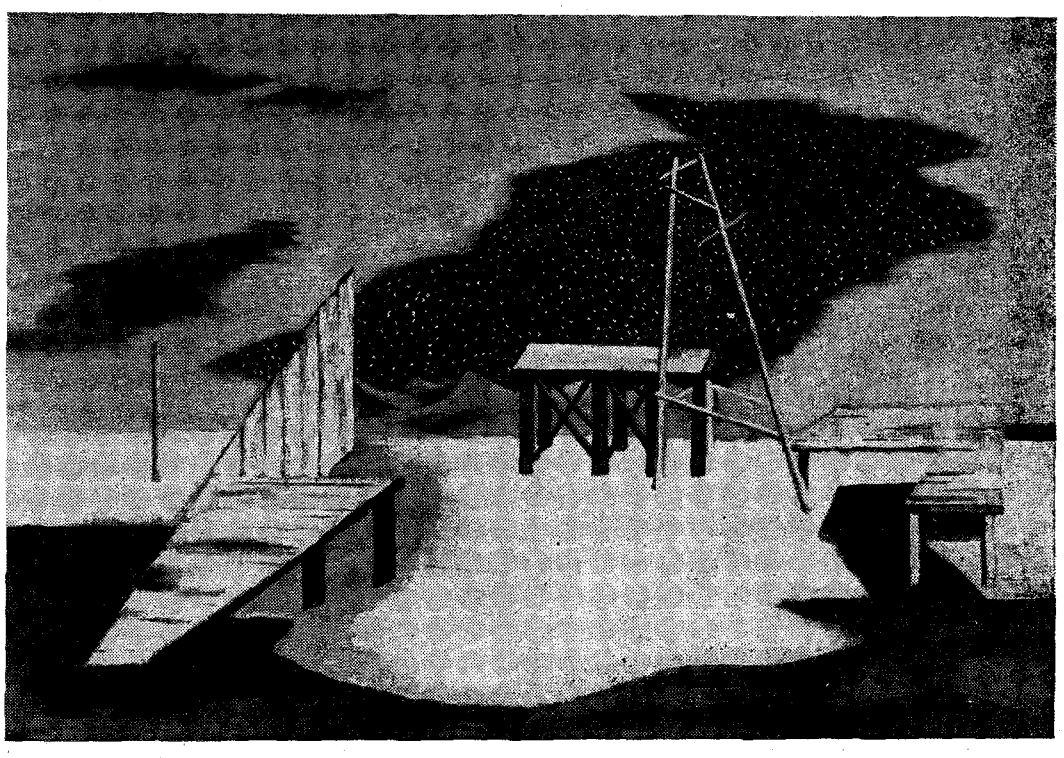
There is more to the film's technique, besides, than its photography and editing. There is Blitzstein's score, for instance; among the most brilliant and the loveliest of recent film scores, and certainly the most successfully keyed to the subject matter of the film. There is David Wolff's commentary, in itself frequently poetry of a high order, which amplifies and illuminates the picture without ever making the mistake of merely paralleling the camera work. There is Paul Robeson, speaking and sometimes singing that commentary, investing every line of it with his own power and sincerity. And there is the indescribable magic by which all these independent triumphs have been fused into a harmonious whole.

Out of the film's first sequences a portrait of America emerges; the wilderness conquered and planted with towns, the sea beaches and the graves, the statues remembering heroes of our first fight for freedom. And the commentator tells you about the Bill of Rights. All this is impersonal, but suddenly an individual family emerges, a farm family, the wife peeling potatoes in the kitchen, the little boy sprawling on a work horse's great back and sliding off to struggle with his father's plow. And the father is a man who has "spoken up at the farmers' meeting." He is being quietly murdered, down by the brook.

SO THE violations of civil liberties are recorded. A peaceful morning in Cleveland; a boy, dark and intent, playing with a yo-yo on the sidewalk; the maid-of-all-work going up the stairs, singing. Then the devastated room and the murdered union organizer. A church in Arkansas, where white and Negro meet; the ambush, the cries of deputy sheriffs blending with the voices of bloodhounds, the white man and the Negro hunted into the swamp. In an unforgettable sequence they cower among the lush reeds and the glittering summer bushes. The white man supporting the wounded Negro, they emerge cautiously on the road, while Robeson's voice sings a magnificent lament; and they are shot down there.

Then, in what is perhaps its greatest moment of beauty and terror, the film swings away across the hills and valleys as night falls and goes into a quiet sequence of America getting up the next morning. Here we meet the American people personally, opening the windows, sniffing the air, leaning out toward the sun, while Robeson sings them out of their beds with a morning song. You see three little girls bouncing their balls in unison; you see the crowds streaming to work, and the breakfast cooking on the stove. You feel as if you have never really looked at people before. And out of this again, by a transition as unobtrusive as it is powerful, emerges the history of the labor spy racket.

To attempt to give it all would be absurd. There are the finks, the La Follette investigation, the Shoemaker flogging with its horrible masked Klansmen; the Memorial Day massacre. In the end the film summarizes our fight against the fascist within, and attempts to tie that struggle to the present struggle against the Axis. Here the one very serious weakness of *Native Land* emerges. The



"The Snow Cloud" by Lurcat

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film is a history of the civil liberties violations of the thirties; it presents significant material, significantly told; but its relation to the tremendous issue of the forties is at best indirect. There is nothing here of fascist organizations in their efforts to sabotage the successful prosecution of the war; nothing of the battle for production and the forces that impede it. And the attempt to establish a relationship, confined as it is to the last few words of the commentary and to an epilogue in which Robeson speaks in his own person, falls too far short of the convincing power of the rest of the film. The average spectator may perhaps come away with the impression that the real fight should be a fight against labor spies alone, rather than the true fight against fascism in the whole world. Because the references to the war are so obviously interpolations, *Native Land* has an air of incompleteness toward the end; a suggestion that its material is a little dated, a hint that some of the story is yet to tell.

What it needs is a sequel. Nothing could build morale better than a Paul Strand-Leo Hurwitz film about our struggle here and now. The shining and inspiring thing their camera and direction would make of the war effort, the savage destruction they would work on the fifth and sixth columnists, are too good to lose; and *Native Land* deserves its companion piece. Paul Strand, Leo Hurwitz, and their collaborators ought to be backed by the United States government in making such a film.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Gentleman in the Dark

A new mystery play with unintentional laughs.

FULTON OURSLER and his wife, Grace Perkins, who many years ago wrote the successful mystery play *The Spider,* have returned with a thing called *The Walking Gentleman,* which serves—or did serve last week—as a debut vehicle for the celebrated French film actor Victor Francen.

M. Francen's *forte* is a characterization that exploits his charm, his debonair continental manners. For at least part of the evening M. Francen was quite successful in this role. Unfortunately he was also expected to be a particularly malevolent type of murderer, who specialized in strangling innocent young ladies who happened to resemble his first (divorced) wife. The reason for this propensity was not explained.

It was only one of the motivations in this alleged drama that remained in the dark. There were several others. For one—why, when the ex-wife was being treated by psychiatrist Dr. Blake for all of three years, did she never happen to explain to him why she left M. Francen? If he were any kind of a psychiatrist at all, and the young lady came to him, as we were told, with a case of the screaming meemies, you'd think he would have got it out of her. The reason, I mean. Not the meemies.

In the second place, after M. Francen strangled his leading lady, and was known to be the last person to see her alive in the theater, and especially since the gendarmes already suspected him of three earlier garroting jobs, why was he not arrested on suspicion, but immediately? Instead, the detectives, who for a change were presented as highly intelligent fellows, let him wander around the Belasco Theater for another two acts.

The answer to these conjectures is, of course, that Mr. Oursler and Miss Perkins had to have a play; and if they had to have a play *and* explained these things, there would not have been a play. This is doubly unfortunate, for there *was* a play, if you want to call it that.

Marion Gering, who directed, did not help the proceedings very much. In fact, as a direct result of his direction, the audience showed a curious propensity for laughing every time it was supposed to be horrified; and for falling asleep in the interim. This alternate giggling and somnolence was ingeniously induced by the director, by ludicrous silhouettes of hanging ladies, and by darkening the stage at one point for almost twenty minutes. This was supposed to give you the creeps; instead, it was merely hard to see.

As the chief detective, Clay Clement was a credit to the force. As Dr. Blake, Richard Gaines (last seen on Broadway as Woodrow Wilson) discredited the budding science of psychiatry. As the harassed ex-wife of M. Francen, Arlene Francis was earnest and harassed.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Art for the Army's Sake

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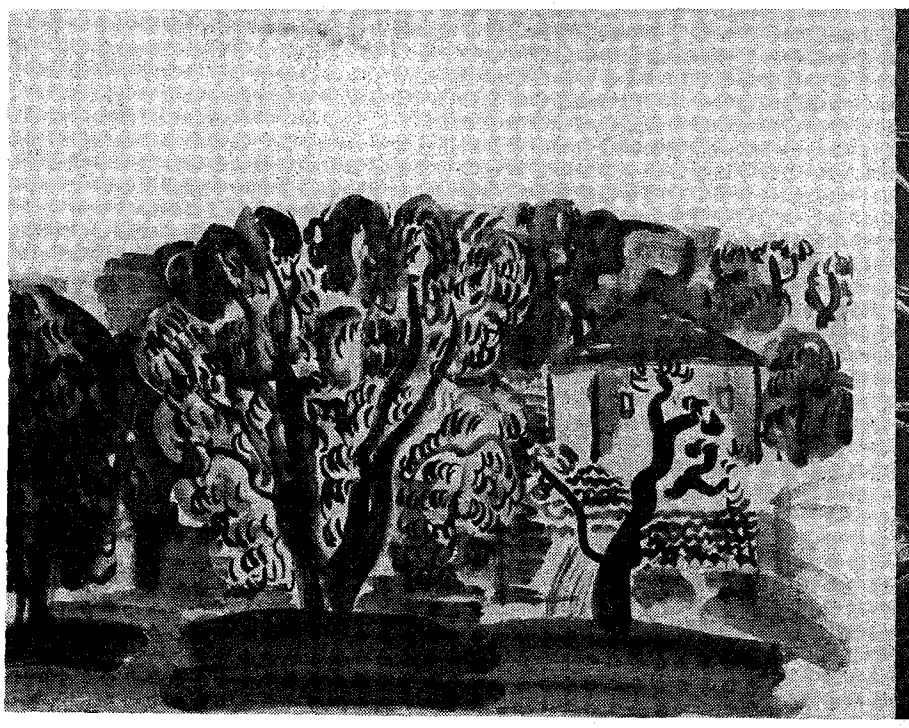
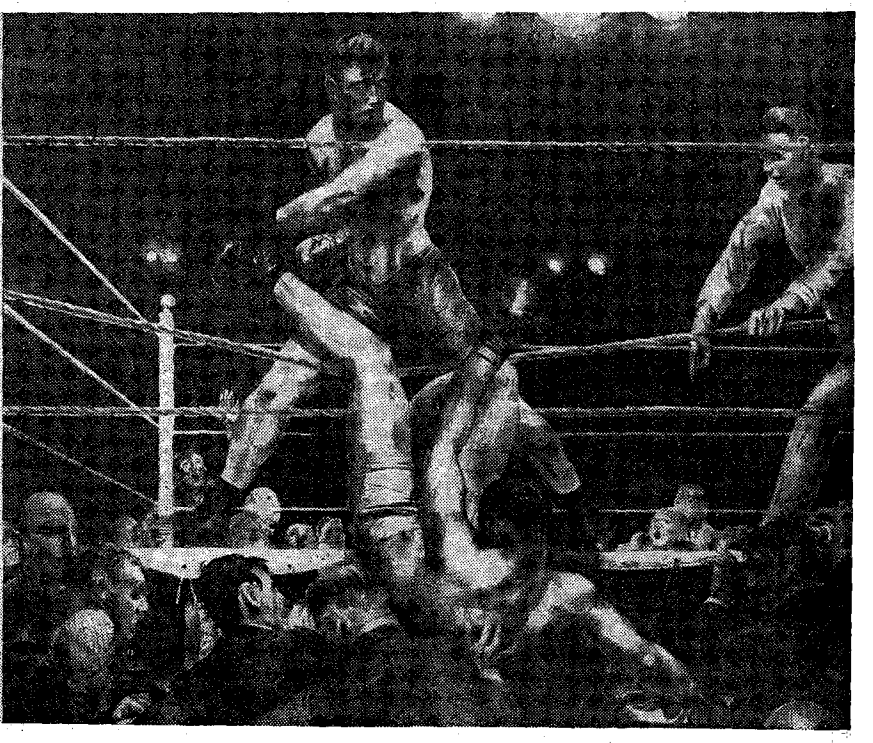


"House in Tiles" by Raoul Dufy



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★

NBC is broadcasting the joint CIO-AFL *Labor for Victory* program every Saturday night at 10:15 on WEAF. Listen to it.

Up till last Saturday the program did not have much to recommend it except a correct attitude toward the war effort. There were too many speeches. But last week the live-wire National Maritime Union introduced a really dramatic program: *Keep 'Em Sailing.*

Written by Peter Frye (incidentally, a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade), *Keep 'Em Sailing* dramatized the story of Bill Caves, NMU boatswain aboard a gasoline tanker that was torpedoed and went down in flames on the Atlantic last month.

Evocative to a high degree, and utilizing the highly effective techniques radio has devised, Frye presented a vivid picture of what these American workmen have to face every day they carry the goods to our allies. Landlubbers could hear the crackling of the flames as the tanker was struck by the torpedo; the men's scramble to lower the boats; the voice of Bill Caves, interviewed in a port hospital.

"What're you going to do when you get out?" a reporter asked him.

"Ship out," said Bill.

"On a tanker?" the reporter said.

"Why not?" said Bill.

Why not? is the index of the heroism of our American workingmen, whether they sail the ships for victory, fly the planes, man the tanks, the artillery, the machine-guns. We need to hear more programs like this; programs presented in the words of the men themselves, men and women who are participating in daily warfare against the Axis.

The NMU and Peter Frye are to be congratulated on *Keep 'Em Sailing.* Listen this week; tell NBC what you think of *Labor for Victory.* It is doing a valuable educative job.

A. B.

★

ARTHUR ATKINS and the American People's Chorus give a stirring performance in the recording of "The Quiet Man from Kansas," dedicated to the imprisoned anti-fascist leader, Earl Browder. Frank Pierson has written the music and Mark Hess the words, whose simple, forceful clarity is reminiscent of the Negro spiritual "Let My People Go." The recording represents a new type of folk music that is rapidly developing among the American people—like Earl Robinson's "Abe Lincoln" it uses the words of great men, woven into song, to inspire America's fighters in the cause of freedom. In this recording the lyric becomes a call to release Earl Browder for the sake of the present-day struggle of freedom's soldiers against the Axis. The words express the aspirations of a people.

"The Quiet Man from Kansas" is an excellent, high fidelity recording, and Arthur Atkins' fine performance is ably supported by the chorus. The record, which sells for seventy-five cents, is available at all Workers Book Shops and at music shops.

A. F.

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1935—November 19; 1936—All Issues; 1937—February 23, March 2, 9, October 12, November 2, 16; 1938—March 15, March 22, 29, April 12, September 20; 1939—May 2; 16, August 29; November 28; 1940—April 2, July 23, September 3, October 22; 1941—February 11, 18, August 12.

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PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

May

15—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings, poems and short stories of Young American writers, commentators, Viola Brothers Shore, Genevieve Taggard.

16—American Advertising Guild, Screening Party, Impromptu skits screened, Malin Studios, 133 W. 44th St.,8:30 P.M.

16—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group, lecture on the world crisis, Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50th St., 12:30 P.M.

17—Workers School Forum, prominent speaker analysis of the news of the week, 35 East 12th St., 8:30 P.M.

17—Theatrical Committee for Victory in 1942, Sunday afternoon cocktail party and dance, Village Vanguard, 178 7th Avenue South, 3 to 8 P.M.

20—Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder celebration, on Earl Browder's 51st birthday to speed his freedom, Madison Square Garden.

May 21-24—Brooklyn Bazaar Comm. for Russian War Relief, Carnival and Bazaar, Broadway stars, folk Dancing, fashion shows, Biltmore, 2230 Church ave, corner Flatbush, Bklyn,N. Y.

May 22nd—Workers School, new Lecture series, Peter V. Cacchione and Simon W. Gerson, "Government Affairs in Wartime," 35 East 12th st.

22-24—New Masses Spring Weekend, Plum Point, Theatre Program, Forum, two full days, New Windsor on the Hudson.

May 23rd—WPA Alumnus Reunion, Federal Arts Project workers, 1936, 37, 38, Gypsy entertainment, Dancing, 13 Astor place, NYC.

May 23—Croatian-American Youth Club, I.W.O., Spring Dance, program, Fight For Freedom, 236 West 40th st.

May 24—Knickerbocker Village Tenants Association, Interpretation Please on "The War Today," Angelo Herndon. Rev. Harris. Kumar Goshal, others, "K" Auditorium, 10 Monroe St., N. Y.

24—Ambijan Comm. for Emergency Aid to Soviet Union, Concert and Dance Recital, N. B. C. String Quartet, Doris Humphrey, Washington Irving High School, 8:30 P.M.

28—Crown Heights Forum, Domestic Front and the European Offensive, prominent speakers, President Chateau, President & Utica Ave., Bklyn.

June

15—Freiheit, 20th anniversary celebration, Paul Robeson and others, Madison Square Garden.

22—Russian War Relief, Celebration First Anniversary Soviet Union's great battle against the Nazi invaders. Place to be announced.

51st Birthday . . . .

FREE BROWDER RALLY

Madison Square Garden

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th

8 P. M.

•

speakers

- **HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD**
  Professor of Sociology, New York University
- **VITO MARCANTONIO**
  A.L.P. Congressman
- **MORRIS MINTZ**
  N. Y. State Assemblyman
- **FERDINAND SMITH**
  Secretary, National Maritime Union
- **DR. MAXWELL ROSS**
  Democratic Leader, 23rd A.D., Kings County
- **DR. MAX YERGAN**
  President, National Negro Congress
- **ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN**
  Secretary, Citizens' Committee to Free Earl Browder
- **LEWIS MERRILL**
  President, United Office and Professional Workers of America

Other nationally known leaders to be announced later

General Admission

25c

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Auspices: Citizens' Committee to Free Earl Browder

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Tickets for sale at: Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th Street, Citizens' Committee, 1133 Broadway

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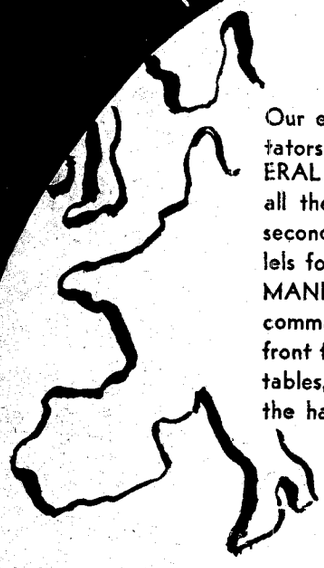
A FRONT IN WESTERN EUROPE

Is It Necessary?

Is It Possible?

A lot of people think so, including millions of Britons, some 200,000,000 Russians, countless millions of the conquered countries, and many millions of Americans. Some people, however, aren't so sure. For them NEW MASSES devotes next week's issue★ to the problem of A Front in Western Europe.



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Our editors have gone out and interviewed such military commentators as MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, MAJOR GENERAL STEPHEN FUQUA and many others. They have assembled all the availabel material on how the British public feels about a second front. Our own COLONEL T. writes on the historical parallels for a second front. The great German anti-fascist HEINRICH MANN, and GENERAL IGNACIO HIDALGO DE CISNEROS, commander of the Spanish republic's air force, discuss the second front from the viewpoint of their own peoples. Charts, maps, photos, tables, debate and argument, irrefutable evidence will make this the handbook on the second front you have been waiting for.

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO:

1. Make Sure to Buy Next Week's Issue
2. Subscribe Today, if you haven't already. Two subscriptions bring you free of charge—you cannot buy it anywhere at any price—New Masses' superb Quiz Book "What Do You Know?"
3. Get up a list of friends who need this issue and make sure they get it.
4. Plan to bring it before your union local, or the membership of any organization you happen to belong to.
5. Organize an evening of friends, and neighbors to discuss the second front, with the help of next week's New Masses.

A FRONT IN WESTERN EUROPE THIS SUMMER

It IS Necessary!

It IS Possible!

★ *Whether NEW MASSES appears at all next week depends entirely on our printer. If his long over-due bill is not paid there will be no issue. You can see to it that the magazine comes out. How?* *Please turn to page 3.*

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